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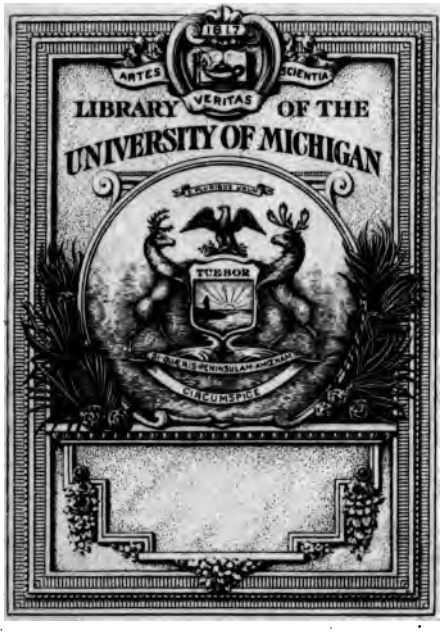
Truth and Near Truth

William Henry Sexton



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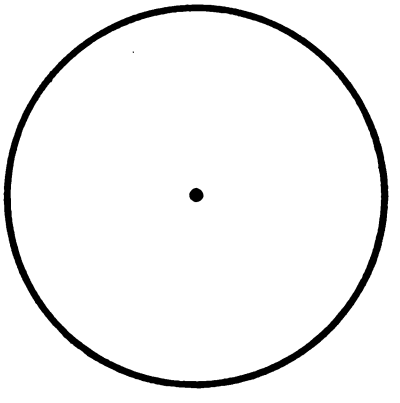
WILLIAM HENRY SEXTON.

Truth and Near Truth



A Book of Poems

by

William Henry Sexton

1908
Printed and Bound by
WINN & HAMMOND
Detroit

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by
William Henry Sexton

To
My Faithful and Devoted Wife
Anna,
and to Mrs. Maud Minerva Shier,
a loving daughter
this work is affectionately
dedicated.

Largely produced during most discouraging conditions for popular book work, the author still ventures to hope he has preserved that spirit of youth and cheerfulness, so essential to the maintenance of friendly relations with a living world.

Would you have friends—be friendly.
Would you have them cheerful—be thou not less so.

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PREFACE.

The author neither praises nor disparages his work. He believes every poem readable, hopes some of them may be found instructive and others of lighter vein, amusing.

If some appear dogmatic, they are simply the matured conviction of a mind searching for truth, and seeing no other legitimate conclusions.

The illustrations marked "L. M." are by a well-known local artist whose signature is also known in Greater New York, Cleveland, San Francisco and other places.

The copies of wood cuts are in most cases from rare old cuts, as old as wood cuts may be found.

The author attacks no man's religion—per contra—he pleads for greater liberty of religious thought.

Dogmatic Theology is no more religion than is the domicile the family—howsoever necessary the former may be to the latter.

We criticise the house for its misfits or its architectural deformities, without attacking the home, in like manner we reserve the right to hold up to the light the anomalies of theologies, framed up centuries since, and from which thinking men have long since, more or less, drifted.

If this little book commend itself to some and awakes a spirit of antagonism in others, the author will be equally pleased; not that he decries public opinion, but a friendly antagonism leads to investigation, and that in turn, should lead to truth, and truth must finally make us free.

Let the work speak for itself, and in so doing, it will "speak of me as I am."

WILLIAM HENRY SEXTON.

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NAMING THE BABY.

Since starting out to make a book,
  Some fleeting thoughts to trace,
I find I cannot even look
  A scrap-book in the face

Without a name to call it by,
  So on this point I mused,
And hoped the pile of scrap hard by
  Might last till all were used.

I think for name, the "crazy quilt,"
  Appropriate as any.
For out of scraps the book is built,
  In shades and colors many.

And some are old, and have lived long,
  For, buried out of sight,
They could not die, for e'en a song,
  To die, must face the light.

While some are younger and quite spry,
  And may survive a while,
And some are new and may not die,
  Till spring comes with its smile.

Still on the whole, this "crazy quilt,"
(A plan less good by half,)
I also find, is being built,
Much like the farmer's calf.

With wobbly and unsightly knees,
And legs of doubtful length,
Unfitted quite for winters breeze
With little point or sense.

But let us hope for better fate,
And pleasanter abode,
Ere spring, a calfskin, lay in state,
With tail turned to the road.

THIS BOOK.

I send you forth a little book,
A message of life's moods,
Though mine alone, you still may look
Between the lines for goods
That fashioned into garments stand,
Reminders of a friendly hand.

Go to old friends, your smiling face
May warm a failing life,
Stir up anew enduring grace
Above life's petty strife.
Old friends like wine prefer the old
Time tried affection, good as gold.

Then to connect the old and new,
Go make new friends—a thought
Worth following the whole life through,

(A friend may not be bought.)
  But without friends both old and new,
  Life loses caste, and in'trest too.

New friends, are old friends, soon to be,
Old friends keep new by love,
An ever changing, restless sea,
Some here and some above.
  Then keep ever fresh that leaven,
  Still insisting "we are seven."

I hope this book is orthodox—
That ev'ry line is true,
Excepting what is het'rodox,
And that is truthful too.
  For things that seem untrue to-day,
  May soon find undisputed sway.

Old thoughts are giving way to new,
Some new ones may soon change,
The world grows better by this view—
Not worse, nor is it strange—
  The nearer we approach the true,
  Our finer feelings come to view.

I would not all alike, should think,
For then I know mankind,
Has retrograded to the brink
Of sheer collapse of mind.
  Let thoughtful man, pursue his way
  To nobler ends, to crown his day.

WHY POETS WRITE.

Poets, I hear, are *borne* not paid,
Though sometimes they are born
With sense enough, when all is said,
To *income* from the storm.
And only write when paid their price,
Ask Kipling, Riley, or Dan Rice.

I'm sure I cannot say just here,
Why poets ever write,
Why day by day, year after year,
The papers are a sight—
With verses good, or verses bad,
Till writing verses seems a fad.

Newspapers pay for what they need,
Of pictures or of prose,
But have their pick of verse, indeed
Quite free, take or refuse.
The magazines with might and main,
Use, and may pay for theirs, ask Twain.

Me? Why do I join beggars' ranks,
By writing poems free?
I plead "not guilty" and give thanks,
As he that reads may see.
I use, its true (though this seems worse,)
Some rhymes—no poetry—just verse.

But why write verse, if not for pay?
What reason may you find?
I do get pay, for I may say,
There's discipline of mind.
One learns in quiet and repose,
How condensation aids his prose.

THE OLD TRADITIONS.

Our world is young, how young doth not appear,
Till backward glancing through traditions' page,
We note ten men whose ages, year on year
Would reach two thousand years beyond our age.
And these ten men from *Anno Mundi* one
To year of flood, are given honored place,
And age at death, and birth of first born son.
And one of these died young, brief was his race,
Nor did he die as other men have died.
Enoch, a father at five and sixty years,
Walked with his God three hundred more in pride,
And he was not—God took him—hence these tears.
'Tis but six thousand years since man appeared.
Complete was he, new form'd from virgin clay,
(As boys make pies of mud)—and nations reared—
Came forth full fledged, with flesh and bones, nay
More, with rib to spare, with brains and blood,
And only lacking life (and clothes)—a "breath"—
And man became a living soul—from mud.
Alone in Eden, 'twas a living death,
So parted with (spare) rib, and lo, a pair.
And still they something lacked, they knew not good
Or evil,—were naked, or had clothes of hair,
Nor knew they what were bad or good for food.
Now passing strange, that in their garden stood
Fruit trees with fruit, and only one forbid,
And that one most desired, and good for food.
But why forbid what looked so pleasant—and
Seemed good for food? and on being told,
That God well knew they should live long in the land,
And should know good and evil—thus made bold,
They ate, knew they were naked, ran and hid.
Thus showing God, that they had disobeyed,

That they were naked, and had need of dress,
And using fig-leaves sewed, they had displayed
Great modesty, amounting to distress.
The penalty propos'd—an early death,
Was not enforced, *no evil could be found!*
Besides some duties would be left, for "breath"
Should be repaid, by tilling now the ground
And peop'ling earth, as ordered theretofore—
Again 'twould be like punishing this pair
For modesty or clothing, less or more,
So changed for penalty more just and fair.
Ten generations brief from his unnatural birth,
Man, beast and creeping things must perish—man,
God's image, grown more human now, on earth,
Must be distroyed, to follow better plan
Of life—Deep seated on Jehovah's brow,
Repentance sat, that man or beast were formed.
Then floods were ordered, but respite now
(An hundred years or more before it storm'd),
Was had, and all these years for Noah's sake,
To build an Ark, and save himself and sons,
Their wives, his own, with beast and bird and snake,
These would he keep as "nest eggs," just these ones.
Then followed flood—a period round—
For forty days and nights, the flood-gates deep
Were broken up, nor could dry ground
Be found—a year and nature found deep sleep,
For earth and hill and mountain top, were out
Of view, and only Noah's Ark could ride
The storm, and so all living things, no doubt,
That did not swim the seas, had surely died.
Then was God appeased, his anger stayed,
No longer need he now repent of his first "breath,"
A pair from mud and rib—in skins arrayed.

Who lived too long, must surely end in death,
What now? His very pick of full grown men,
With wives complete, of nations, three or four.
So covenants, and rainbow signs, he then
Established, for their good, forever more.
These facts I find in holy writ laid down,
And whether true or not, I cannot say,
Or will not, though my story end in frown.
I wrote down what I found, and came away.

THE GREAT FLOOD.

Creeping steadily year on year,
From the far north-land came great cold.
Creeping down slowly—it was clear
Mankind might readily behold,
  And head it off, or find some plan
  To modify its force for man.

Two hundred forty thousand years,
Plus seven hundred, back we flit.
A period so vast appears,
We cannot find a measure yet.
  And was man here, and could he know
  His danger as he felt it grow?

Colder and colder, year on year,
Rain and snow and ice are creeping
Ever southward, till, filled with fear
Man sees water seeping, seeping
  Through the valleys from the hill sides
  Till land and ocean feel the tides.

For thirty thousand years or more,
This cold increased, nor grew it warm
Enough to break its rigors sore.
Following it by years of storm,
  (One hundred thirty thousand years)
  Ah! surely 'twas a vale of tears.

Twas eighty thousand years before
Twelve hundred sixty,—what an age!
Ere thaw put stop to freezing sore,
And melted ice, that gave great rage
  To floods of water following, till
  Nor land nor hill was visible.

The time and dates above exact
In form and confidence as shown,
Are such as found to be, in fact
The best approach in science known—
  Astronomy, geology,
  And scientists, a colony—

Have well agreed upon these dates,
Have shown the causes as below,
As meeting best the direful fates
That mankind suffered, and we know
  From errant rocks and mountain sign
  From "till" and "hard-pan," and in fine,

From many thousand reasons, sound,
That snow and storm and ice prevail'd
In such enormous features found,
That lighter causes were assailed
  As falling short in making good,
  The reasons for such sweeping flood.

Now would you know the reasons, odd,
Why cold and storm were multiplied?
It was not that Almighty God
Repented or had found the tide
  Convenient to destroy a race,
  Whose image should reflect his face.

Great laws of nature were involv'd,
'Twas not the first flood, nor the last
That shall be, I am much resolved
To tell the truth and to stand fast,
  And prove it two, for these same laws
  Still operate as moving cause.

Equinoxis in precession,
Slow, but surely, cause great changes
In our seasons, whose progression
Follow sharply all its ranges.
  Winter and summer solstice, too,
  Had changed their places, through and through.

Summer short and winter longer,
Gave to cold and ice great headway.
Welding snow and ice-pack stronger.
Over all the land, and sea-way,
  Where great icebergs ground or floated,
  And in turn the cold promoted.

Then quite potent, as a reason,
We may note good mother earth
Helps along this change of season,
Quite eccentric from her birth.
  She has spells (its from some changes,
  Of great planets in great ranges.)

When eccentricity grows worse.
And again she has some motions,
Not quite good, but the reverse,
When she seems o'er run with notions
  Wobbling 'round while onward flying
  Not unlike a top, when dying.

Then the trade winds, growing errant,
Failed to drive the gulf stream north,
Changing all old oceans currents,
Till from northward came they forth.
  Blowing more south, from year to year,
  Trade winds carried the gulf stream there.

And thus the south might hotter be,
The north was cold and colder grown.
The vapors rising from the sea,
Reach'd hight and volume quite unknown.
  And found new currents, drifting north,
  Were there condensed, on going forth.

Now other causes were near by,
No doubt, in aid of this great flood.
I know not all the reasons why,
Nor think them known or understood,
  But this I know or understand,
  Combined as one great force they stand.

Pulling together, every force,
Piling the ice sheet, flake on flakes,
Slowly pushing their onward course,—
Grinding out rocks, forming great lakes,
  Making great rivers, preparing earth
  For man's support from man's new birth.

For man like all things else today,
Springs from the past, and what has been,
While ev'ry new birth, we may say,
Is a new Adam, free from sin.
  What e'er was he before this flood,
  Shines forth anew, and "very good."

Through this long period of time,
Whole families and tribes of men,
Suffered and died and made no sign,
Equal were all in God's eye then.
  And some were weak and others strong,
  Some early died, and some lived long.

Mounting the ice-pack, year on year,
They followed, nor lost track of game,
Bison, musk-ox, the swift reindeer—
Food and clothing 'gainst cold and rain.
  Onward drifting for daily food,
  Shelt'ring themselves as best they could.

And some fled southward, hoping there
To 'scape the ever creeping cold.
Finding new tribes, with whom to share
Their craft and tools, or growing bold,
  They fought for place, or life or food.
  Sometimes they lost, sometimes made good.

But why thus try to trace their track
Through cold and storm and ice and snow?
For generations ne'er hike back,
But live and die, and we but know
  They suffered hardships, dire and long.
  Till man, by hardships tried, grew strong.

His awful struggle, all these years,
For food and shelter from the storm,
Brought strength and goodness, and appears
In added mental force and form.
That settled once for all man's place,
And glorified the human race.

THE OLDER TRADITION.

Lo, India, cradle of the world.
Ceylon! the Eden of mankind.
All hail! Let banners be unfurled—
We bow to thee, because we find
Parents long lost in life's dim light,
But now restored to sense and sight.

And more than this, we also find
A mother language, long deemed lost,
The modern Sanscrit much refined,
Gives way to ancient Sanscrit's boast.
So old the elder language grew,
Scholars and savants used the new.

Brief time, a century hath not
Elapsed, since new the curtain rose.
And now we see anew the plot
Of ancient peoples in repose.
Four thousand years ago, or more
Twas writ, with *millions* in its score.

There have been laws to bind mankind,
Also law-givers, witness now—
Manou in India we shall find,
Manes for Egypt's darker brow,
  Minos in Crete, much more refined.
  Moses enslaves the Hebrew mind.

Manou, Manes, Minos, Moses,
Now who can doubt the language, one?
Manou, Sanscrit, then reposes
Mother of all that follow on.
  Traditions found recorded here
  Ante-date Moses, year on year.

THE TRADITION FROM THE VEDA.

From out his own pure self they came,
Adima, Sanscrit, the first man.
Heva, that which completes life's flame
Brahma formed them, and his plan
Simple life, they need not alter,
Nor for wisdom should they falter.

On an island placed—bright Ceylon?
Gem of the ocean, near main land,
Here were born the man and woman,
Here to live as had been planned.
Fruit and rice made food abundant,
Always near, if not redundant.

On this island should they linger,
Where few dangers lurked abroad,
Under the protecting finger,
Of Brahma, father, who is God.
Peopling the Island, o'er and o'er,
Ere they should seek the nearby shore.

What a happy couple were they.
Food and shelter freely given
Cothing? Fig leaves? what were they, pray?
Needing nothing, under heaven,
Out of reach, to make them happy—
Exercise would keep them snappy.

Now, Rak-cha-sos, spirit, evil,
Viewing this couple's happy state,
Like our serpent, the old devil,
Sought with all his powers of hate,
Till contentment should be killed,
And Brahma's plans be unfilled.

Then Adima thought to wander,
Over island for new beauty—
Heva followed, and no wonder,
As 'twas in her line of duty,
Praying gently that Adima,
Might offend not father Brahma.

Stopping by sweet flowing fountains,
And in shade of giant Ban-Yan,
Plucking flowers or climbing mountains
Could life like this fall under ban?
When one day, their footsteps weary,
Brought new sights and sounds most cheery.

By a narrow rocky sea-way,
But scarce removed from reach of hand.
There in glorious beauty lay,
What seemed to them a boundless land.
Stately her trees in living green.
Half hid fine birds of sunny sheen.

Adima, ravished by the sight,
This land must visit, and his wife
Could not dissuade from land so bright—
"They could return—nay, why have strife?"
Trembling, Heva reached some boulders,
When he placed her on his shoulders.

When they reached the new found shore,
Fled the birds with screech of discord,
Vanished flowers they saw before,
Twas discord, chaos in a word.
Then came earthquake quick to sever
Pathway, that had helped them thither.

Then Adima sorely weeping
For his folly, now past mending,
Saw his wife long vigil keeping—
Heard her comfort him, contending
That a prayer to Brahma, rather
Than such tears, would reach a father.

Then came voice from heaven saying
"O, Heva, woman, sinned hast thou
Only through thy love—betraying
No evil thoughts within thy brow,
And because no fault is with you,
I will send to you the Vischnou."

Came the Vishnou, Christna named,
Brahma's son by virgin mother,
Devanagua, now far famed.
He had come as son and brother.
Christna, sacred, an oblation,
Was the tenth reincarnation.

What a beautiful tradition—
Man and woman pure and equal.
Strength his natural condition.
Beauty, hers, a loving sequel.
And as reward for her great love,
Came promised Vischnou from above.

Now was this tale to Moses known,
And did he fear his Hebrew band,
And let them reap as they had sown?
Degrading woman by this brand—
That she sinned first, and thereby brought
Mankind to death! O, wretched thought!

What shall we say of *Sacred Truth?*
Aye, here's the fault. All truth should be
Held sacred, and old age or youth
Alike should harken to its plea,
We find a truth, and as applied
We give it name as justified.

Then what of sacred truth today?
Is it found here 'neath Brahma's reign?
Is there less folly, in its sway,
Placed here for reason to maintain.
Draw the veil! there's little pleasure
Scanning truth, by faulty measure.

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do today! Hoo-ra!
But times have changed since then,
The man with naught to do today
Is gloomiest of men.

No work laid out? Nothing to do?
Just here the danger lies,
Waiting, someone to plan for you
'Tis thus we miss the prize.

Nothing to do! O, foolish band,
Idly to watch the board,
Waiting the Master's skillful hand,
The hand so long adored.

Something to do, be this the cry,
'Twill help the world along,
Bring sunshine to a clouded sky,
And melody to song.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear Don.
  Your papers came to hand.
I'm glad to know you've got the sand.
No—I mean I'm very glad to know,
That you had sand, and got the dough.
But more than all I'm filled with cheer
You hold your checks and still are here
On earth, and very much alive.
I feared you'd made the final dive,
Passed, as it were, the great divide.

I figured thus, if still this side
Of glory (or some other place)
I'd hear from you or see your face.
Myself, I live by hooks and crooks,
In other words I still keep books—
The wolf howls dismally near by,
To give my door a vicious try—
But still I keep him from my door,
Nor lose from sleep a single snore.
I'm glad to know you're playing chess—
I'm at it too, but you may guess,
My game is quite erratic, and
I'm beaten oft for want of sand,
Or sense,—though sometimes, I may say,
The old man makes a dashing play
And gets his share, as I am told,
Reminding some of days of old.
At home, the people are quite well.
I'm grand-dad, too, but may not tell
How full of pride I am, or joy—
For William Henry is a boy.
If he had just a girl been born,
Then William Henry were forlorn.
I hear my buzzer ring, and guess,
Tis time to close this silly mess.
And so good-bye till next you come
To see me in my humble home.
(That is if you survive this screed
A rough if ready one, indeed.)
And since I'm pleased that you're still "it,"
Please write me if your strength permit.
I'm glad I'm able to confess
I'm truly yours,
W. H. and S.

To Don C. Rogers, 1903.

APPLE VS. PEAR.

'Tis said there's naught original, except original sin.
But how without a sinner, could sinning e'er begin?
And since both Eve and Adam, sinned jointly I declare
That sin, as well sinning, was started by a pair.
So the apple of tradition, though a Myth exceeding rare.
Must bow the knee to logic, being beaten by the Pear.

FRUIT—(ANOTHER ONE.)

Abou Ben Adhem sat over his dinner,
Discussing which came first, the sin or the sinner.
Was it Adam or Eve projected "the fall?"
And why was the serpent mixed in it, at all?
Then up spake Ben Hoyle, that jolly old joker,
Whose days are a dream of long nights of draw poker,
Why charge it to either! It seems quite unfair
That *one* should be charged with the sins of a *pair*.
That subtle old serpent the father of liars
Played Adam and Eve for a pair of high flyers.
But the apple came in with a horrible bluff,
And the Pear that should win laid down in a huff,
So for losing its temper which always was hot,
It lost to the apple, which raked in the pot.

TO J. W. WALSH,
MAYOR PINGREE'S "O. K." CLERK.

Jim—genial Jim—him
Of "O K" fame.
"J. W. W." "What's in a name"
Or letters potent?
Aye, but what men
Pond'ring oft, through double glasses,
See not the outward suit of check
And stripe and tailor made,
But alone the blending harmony
Of face and form and general fitness?
What then?
So friend sees friend.
Faults? Nay friend.
A fault—a speck—'tis gone—
The ruddy youth whom first we knew,
Passing to early manhood, hath put on age.
What age?
Immortal man:—the *me* of yesterday
Today and through all time, remains,
All else has changed.
"We sleep and wake and sleep again,"
And whether sleep be long or short, heed not—
We are the same,
Till final sleep o'ertakes us, and
What then? The end! We wake not. So?
Who knows? Not even Job. 'Tis but a guess.
And so in mem'ry cherish we a friend.

Yours truly, W. H. S.

LETTER FROM A BANKER.

Dear Mr. S.
I'm free to confess
My surprise, at a rumor I heard,
That a farmer brave, just over the wave,
You have turned, but 'pon my word.

Think one of the two, the old farmer or you,
Got cheated, or am I mistaken?
Cow-hide boots, hay seeds, corn tassels and weeds,
Must greatly adorn your vocation.

But what I would know, is just how beans grow,
In fine, say what's beans, ere I bust,
Good bye Bro. S. I'm glad to confess
I'm truly yours, I. N. Just.

THE ANSWER.

What I know about farmin', by a fresh salted farmer.

Your letter received, my Dear Mr. Just,
A good natured poke in the ribs.
But that question of beans, or bust,
Is a sore one just now for his "nibs."

He had planted some beans one day,
('Fore I came to help him farm it.)
The beans came up on the stocks so gay
He pulled up the plant, "consarn it."

The beans of course, made a mistake,
They should have slipp'd off, when he came.
But thought he knew beans, when awake—
Besides their old habit's to blame.

But he turned them upside down, then
Stuck them 'to'ther way in the ground,
Which seems right in theory, when
By practice, it may be unsound.

Corn tossels! you bet your big feet!
Farmin! I jest guess that is what!
We're whoop'in 'er up fer things to eat
What don't hafter be sold, or bought.

Just now we're sowin our corn,
The oats is ready to hoe,
The pigs, 'es sure 'es your born,
Is sprouted and ready to grow.

DRINKS.

We've tapped the sour apple tree,
And, two sides bein more sider than one,
We tapped both sides, don't you see?
So that double the cider would run.

BUTTER

We set the old goat by the spring,
So the butter will come good and hard,
We're gittin' the hang of the thing,
And'll kill the old sheep for his lard.

BEANS.

No longer we scare the wild crow,
But have far more effective means,
We shoot them stone dead, you should know,
Cause the crops, is loaded with beans.

I am studyin' rotation in crops,
So have bought a rotatin harrow.
And a rotatin roller—for hops,
And a uni-wheel, rotatin', barrow.

We got a steam gang, for to plow,
And a man gang to run it, but found
They did not exactly know how—
Why, they run the darn'd thing in the ground.

HOPS.

We're raisin a million of toads,
This is one of our best sellin crops—
They go to the brew'ry, by loads—
They can't get along without hops.

MOSQUITOES.

Why down on the "mash"
They're gitten so thunderin gay,
They come around buzzin for hash,
Then stick in their bills for their pay.

MUSIC.

The Katy frog sings, creep, creep, don't peep
The bull frog sings, come krum; come krum!
The chippie bird sings, its cheap, quite cheap.
To the owl, who is out on a bum.

The hearth to the cricket is singin,
The whippoorwill, calls "Bob White."
The Blue Bells of Scotland are wringin
The clothes that are washed over night.

SNAIX

The rattle snake rattles and blusters,
Blue racers are racin' around,
Hoop snakes are rolled up in clusters,
Or rollin' about on the ground.

The moccasin snakes are 'trampin.
The blow snakes are blowin a stream,
At the school-house, the adder is campin.
While the whip snake, is whippin the cream.

At dusk when the cows go to roost,
The copperhead snake has his fun,
A helpin' 'em up with a boost—
This "cowherdly" snake takes the bun.

The milk snake is milkin the cow,
And does his work finer than silk.
You would think he allers knode how—
While the water snake peddles the milk.

HOES.

But the curioustest thing I have found,
And I study it from mornin' to night.
If the hoes is left lyin around
The garter snake ties 'em up tight.

EDEN.

Now just at this point a digression,
To scan a new thought about Eve,
And the snake and Adam's transgression,
As well as the laugh up his sleeve.

No wonder our good mother Eve,
To this snake fell easy martyr,
Or that Adam should shout to the breeze—
Gee! "I'm the first Knight of the Garter."

What wonder that Adam should fall,
With a dull sick'ning thud, quite shocking,
When Eve the mother of all,
Used a snake to tie up her stocking.

Then that story we heard of an apple,
Seems destined to lose out at last,
A very hard question to grapple,
Of fruit, in the dim distant past.

And yet 'tis a sad, sad story,
For the apple was never in it,
While the pear should have had the glory,—
This pair caused the fall in a minute.

Thus another illusion has flown,
The voice of the past grows mute,
I am sad—though less so, I own,
Since, still, it was some kind of fruit.

You'll excuse me this long diversion—
I'm afraid 'tis a very bad break,
As well as a sad perversion
Of the story of Eve and the snake.

BACK TO THE FARM.

Well, the farmer's life is no play,
From the time that he wakes till he snores,
He works like the—"Dickens"—all day.
And afterwards does up his chores.

While at night, when dame nature's asleep,
And the farmer rests from all cares—
Then the dog-fish, chases his sheep,
And pulls out their fine long hairs.

Thus you see, my dear friend, I am busy,
While my hair is growing quite thin.
I plan, till the old man grows dizzy,
And chokes on a case of dry grin.

Please visit me here is my wish,
And if it should storm, you bet
We'd sit under the bridge and fish,
Where the fish flock in out of the wet.

HASH.

We'll feed you on grasshopper soup,
Well stuffed with mud-turtle pie—
With musical notes on the roof,
Composed and arranged in the sky.

We'll catch a young sandwich for supper,
The sand which is here is quite nice,
With the under crust just like the upper—
Served hot, on a cake of ground ice.

Now the meat man who furnished this metre.
The gas man who changed it, for fun,
Declare this letter completer
Some years ere the thing was begun.

So to sum up the whole in a word,
They are right, I am free to confess,
Any verdict but this were absurd.
So I'm yours truly, W. H. S.

THAT OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

From the Elsie Sun, August 31, 1899.
Illustrated with pen and ink sketches by W. H. S., Detroit.

In the year eighteen hundred and—just waked-up—
When roads dressed in tough corduroy,
When the matter of building a house, came up
For the children who lived near by.
  And for general use of both young and old,
  For they had no building for church, I'm told.

So they built that old house—nay built it new,
And when finished looked something like this.
Ev'ry corner and log was laid up true
While nothing in sight was amiss,
  For the people were proud in that early day,
  Tho they builded with logs, and pointed with clay.

The timber, rock-elm, hard as its name,
The shingles of hand shaved pine,
Clear lumber for floors,—desks of the same—
A building to last all time.
  Twas a grand good house, I can will recollect,
  In the very best spot for the "folks" to collect.

Then the great box stove, with wide op'ning door,
And appetite greedy and sound,
Seemed ever to call for more and more
Of chop'd feed, from the country 'round.
  And wood was plenty and grew near by,
  And was covered with snow to keep it dry.

So the people said in their joy and pride
As they viewed the structure that day—
In front and rear and from every side
It will stand forever and aye.
  For it had no weak spot, that they could detect,
  Being long ere the time of "graft," recollect.

Alas poor mortals this may not be,
But a type of life lies here—
The house shall fall, the school, like a sea,
Shall spread and encompass the sphere,
We know not the range of the widening wave,
But the stone we cast in, sinks quick to its grave.

We live our poor lives, toss'd to and fro,
Like wrecks on the billows cast—
Carried here and there, as the currents flow,
Nor heed whether slow or fast,
But the end comes soon, for old age creeping on,
Settles buildings or men—a breath, and we're gone.

Then pictures like these began to appear,
And they went from bad to worse—
Like our lives again, for there's little cheer,
Tho prepared for a ride in the hearse.
Dear old friends, good-bye—now the house is wiped out,
Let us build in its place, something worthy a shout.

DREAMS.

Crushed with tragedies of life,
Never more to grasp the hand
Now forever free'd from strife—
Gone from earth to spirit land.
Out of many gloomy hours,
Wakes the spirit of our youth,
Clothes the mind with happy powers,
Bringing forth fresh gleams of truth.
  In our dreams, we never miss her.
  In our dreams, we live again.
  In our dreams again we kiss her
  And we hear the glad refrain.
I still love you, yes as ever,
Nothing now our lives can sever.
Now, and henceforth, and forever.
I will love you evermore.

Clasp your arms about my waist—
Let my arms with your's entwine,
Let me feel their strong embrace,
I am yours and you are mine.
Thus we dream, poor silly mortals,
Of a loved one gone before.
Who sits watching at life's portals,
To embrace us evermore.
  In our dreams, we ever meet her,
  In our dreams, we love to greet her.
  And we twine our hearts in bliss,
  With a soulful, holy kiss.
I still love you, yes as ever.
Nothing now our hearts can sever,
Now, and henceforth, and forever,
I will love you evermore.

WIRELESS FROM HEAVEN—AN ACROSTIC.

Must a wireless from heaven, be ever a dream?
A dream to be lost in life's eddying stream,
Remembered only in vague feelings of pleasure
In our deep thoughtful moments, or hours of leisure,
Laying aside mundane thoughts, that our minds be free,
Lest our earthly and heavenly thoughts disagree,
And we thus lose a message intended to cheer
Such mortals as we are when still waiting here.
A wireless from heaven—can we answer it back?
Making known our small troubles through life's beaten track,
Are we ever so free that a message from heaven
Need wait not on dreams, that seem to be given
To remind us poor mortals, there's something beyond?
Here all may be dreams, then, though scarce named in the bond,
And life loses place and gets, just floating around
Nice wireless messages, full of wisdom profound,
Ever thankful that somehow, or somewhere in life
There reposes a spirit long gone from our strife
Having thus trained the mind, that we have such a friend
And believing our own life must pleasantly end
We persistently follow the old beaten track
And unlike say—"Lots wife" we refuse to look back
Yearning ever to break into fields new and green
We still stay where we are, never changing the scene.

A SMALL DELUGE—From the Abridged Vedic Version.

(Modern Sanscrit.)

Of Twapara-Youga, third age, we now speak,
Since this date, then, may serve as a guide,
To the Hindoo deluge, as well as to seek
Kindred sources for Noah's high tide.

Thus we reason, abridgment, must mean, ever,
That the work being passed in review
Has lost something of truth, and forever,
Not fairly replaced in the view.

Some ages and millions of years, have now gone,
Since the age when first Brahma awoke
The proud spirit of man, and gave him Ceylon,
Which he lost by an unlucky stroke.

Thus it is made to appear, by division
Arbitrarily made, that the close
Of the events of that age, with precision,
Marked the new age of man's long repose.

When again he starts out to people the earth,
With a *family* well tried and true.
To give to all nations (just drowned) a new birth,
So much better than one pair might do.

Thus, "once on a time," not so very long since
(Some forty and five hundred years)
When one Vaiwasvata (the name should convince)
Had retired to devotion and tears.

Now this aged Hindoo, with his brazen vase,
Went one day to Virini, a stream,
To perform ablutions—that is wash his face,
Ere the dirt should crack down in a seam.

On reaching the bank of this river or creek,
Out popped a small fish of bright hue.
That spoke in a voice, low, but earnest and meek—
So V. without further ado

Took him up in his vase (forgetting his face)
Carried him home—admiring his hue,
Where he grew too large for his vessel, apace.
And again begged a change of venue.

At first to a tank, till the tank grew too small—
To the Ganges, then, he would change,
But could he be raised? saying nothing at all
Of the journey they thought to arrange.

However on trying he found it no task
For the fish was light as a feather,
So he took him right up, nor stopping to ask
Dumped him into the Ganges river.

Where soon he was crowded, and fearing that he
A fair trial could never get here,
Once more changed venue, this time to the sea,
Whence you'd think he'd no longer appear.

You're quite wrong, for this is a part of the plot,
"Listen, O wise and beneficent man!"
Thus spake this great fish, for soon Brahma will blot
Out all living things, thus, by this plan.

A deluge he'd bring on the earth, by his breath
On the cloud and the sea, causing rain,
While the great deep's fountains shall break, bringing death.
Against which, man may struggle in vain.

Hasten then to construct a vessel in which
Yourself, and your fam'ly, may sail,
Caulk the seams, ev'ry one, with the best of pitch,
And along take a lunch, without fail.

And of beasts worth saving, a tiger or two,
Some lions and elephants a pair—
With other wild game, fit to stock up a "zoo."
Making sure you'll find room for them there.

Take along *ophisphagus elaps*
Other snakes to feed them a year,
Be careful of these and perhaps
A fortune awaits you, right here.

For some caravan from the far east,
With camels, from China with rice
May come humping along or at least,
Come offering their goods at low price.

Soon V. started out having seen signs of storm,
And sailed till he came to the ocean,
Where the fish soon showed up, and offered his horn,
Which he took for a tow—good notion.

This saved him from dangerous navigation,
Till all things having life were destroyed,
Except V. with his fam'ly salvation
On Him'laya was found, overjoyed.

So this old man Vaiwasvata, was father
Of all the new human race—or at least,
Was grand-father, which seems more true, rather,
As men, made from mud, much increased.

On one side 'tis the myth, recovered and saved
By Moses, for use of poor mortals,
On the other Deucalion and Pyrrha, raved,
The Greeks welcomed them to her portals.

Now this myth may be true and the date quite right,
For a deluge that lasts but a year,
But there's quite too much fish, and the tale's too light,
To earn it much credence right here.

It merely shows this, that a tale going 'round,
Was caught up by Hindoos and dated,
Or Moses himself caught it up from the ground,—
For their myths, seem closely related.

The fault of most myths is the break in their age,
And this one has suffered most clearly,
By being revised by a quite modern sage—
Paying toll and paying it dearly.

Why could not this sage, leave the story at home
As in Ancient Sanscrit recorded?
No date then need trouble, for the fates alone
Would find what the language afforded.

THE MASTER THANKED US.

'Twas the month of July, or was it September?
Precisely the date I do not recall—
But 'twas fellow-craft night, I well remember
And the brethren fairly filled up the hall.

Brother Higgins was Master, inspired for his task,
Senior Deacon Gillespie, was grand,
The music and singing were all we might ask
(H. P. C. S. at his best was on hand.)

To me this degree is at all times absorbing,—
That night I seemed truly under a spell—
As was also the case with the rest, for according
To precedent they should have thinned out—well.

They did not do so—and here lies the great magic,—
The secret of numbers (with attention.)
Inspiring the work, whether peaceful or tragic
Nor is this a mere modern invention.

When the work was all through, I thought to arise,
And express my emotion, found playing,
When the Master spoke up, and to my great surprise
He most heartily thanked us for staying.

Long I pondered this question, why should he thank us?
We had merely remained for our pleasure
Till new light came to me and I saw clearly, thus,
It is less what we are, than our measure.

So resolved that the future should oftener find
My place in the lodge represented,
And from that time to this, by some strange fate aligned
It would seem, I had quite repented.

My rash vow, for twas my last call or nearly so,
New work came and claimed attention,
I chose the hard task, as some of you know—
A work that I need not mention.

Thus, as ever in life we are found laying plans
Resolving against interference
Then we find a worn rut, leading straight to strange lands
And drop in, shewing great perseverence.

MOLLIE A VALENTINE.

Fraternal Index Feby. 1905.

I have a girl, her name is Mollie—Mollie—No—
I will not give the other name, for you would know
As much as I—a give away—and time will show
That if from this you can't guess right, your guesser's slow,
You know enough for me, so from my point of view,
This fact I only need to urge—The girl is true.

I know the girl is tall, I *think* she's slim, but then
What matters it? 'tis but a guess, at best, but when
I think of her 'tis not the form, or dress or art,
'Tis but a thought of what she is, her mind, her heart.
So whether you guess right or not, twixt me and you,
I do not care a single rap—I know she's true.

'Tis true she's not entirely mine, or yours, she's *ours*.
Officially, gratefully, like summers showers,
She's always for us all and beyond others, far,
Radiant she shines like our own Bethlehem's star,
Now would you know her name and place? I'll not tell you,
But still maintain, this fact remains, I know she's true.

IMMORTALITY.

I asked a shade who ought to know,
A writer he and famed on earth.
I vainly thought through him to show
Clear title by experience, worth
  A dozen theories at hand,
  Or made to order on demand.

Just how many books or stories,
Go to make a man immortal.
Let him answer now, whose glories
Follow him through life's last portal.
  Though writing much, it may be said,
  It's not what's written, but what's read.

I asked a preacher—orthodox—
How mortal man may be immortal?
So strange to him this paradox,
He plainly seemed to startle.
  Why all a man need do for this,
  Is join our ranks, assured of bliss.

I could not think the answer good,
And so I tried another preacher.
Heterodox, I understood.
Quick he answered, like a teacher—
  Immortal man? Why bless your heart,
  Man was immortal, from the start.

'Twas thus I gleaned much truth from all,
The point of view seems much involved,
Immortal after death's rude call—
And thus the problem must be solved.
  He's mortal, here, although his work.
  May follow him, without a quirk.

For all his friends must sometime die.
Or fire or flood a world wipe out.
Nor leave a trace, that may apply,
To mortal man, without some doubt.
So selfishly we pray that we
May put on immortality.

AZTEC LEGENDS.

Here we find a nearby legend
Not less true because its near us.
Less attractive it may well be.
From its rare propinquity.
'Tis a legend of the Aztec,
Of an interesting people,
Of a very ancient people,
In Anahuac lived the Aztec,
On our own shores were they nourished,
Where they came from no one knoweth,
How or when they first took being,
Cannot now be well established,
Here in peace the Spaniard found them,
Save some tribal disaffection,
Through some raid against a neighbor
For their sacrificial victims.
Here the peaceful Montezuma
Was betrayed by guest he nourished.
Had the Aztec been as crooked
As the names which we must wade through
Then some hist'ry had been diff'rent.
For the names of gods and half gods
Of the priests and of the rulers

Are so crooked and unseemly
And so torrid in their diction
That they're quite beyond our tongues' end.
Can it be that names and nature
Parallel along their lines run?
Or may it happen that in fact
Names are hand made without guidance.
But this I wish to have you know
I did not cause these names to grow.

THE LEGEND.

Some years before the earth was made,
In heaven lived a long named shade.
The name, I give it, with a sigh,
Was Tonacathecuthtli.

His wife, worse named, we'll call her T.
And save the space for name I see—
Tlatlauhquitezicatlipoca
Their first son—red—'tis no joke—a

Second, less bad, Yayuhqui—black,
His deeds were evil and came back
To roost, as happens oft in life.
For strife persistently breeds strife.

Quetzacoatl, the third was white,
Gentle the name and fitting quite—
The youngest, Huit—yellow skin
Like parchment o'er a visage thin.

The gods when waking seized on, for,
They wanted joint executor.
With Quetzacoatl, on their will
And yellow parchment filled the bill.

They first made fire, then demi-sun,
They afterwards made man, for fun,
And then a woman, as you ses,
The fashion is, and long will be.

The names are T. and C. what use
To spell them out, or what excuse,
For writing names, that outspace those
Who bore them, ere their long repose.

The demi-sun was little good,
And so they made, 'tis understood,
A whole new sun—this sun (and moon)
Wandered about, from noon to noon

Then giants came and friend Huit.
Taking on flesh, trained up to it.
Now there was war, and unto death,
For yellow parchment found his breath.

Then came on wind, that ended life
For those engaged in deadily strife,
Then fire and flood swept over earth,
Requiring, for mankind, new birth.

Right here the reader lifts his eyes,
Or shrugs his shoulders in surprise,
That earth and moon are here to stay,
But were not made in Aztec lay.

Tescathlipoca, demi-God
Made earth and moon, but what seems odd,
Already earth was thrice destroyed
Ere T. a spider's thread employed

To slide to earth from out of heav'n.
The how or why or when's not given
Of making earth or moon, or why
He left his station in the sky.

Does this seem but a silly tale,
With naught of truth to swell the sail?
Then read between the lines and see
The universal tale, set free.

Earth, Air, Fire, Water, oft are found,
In conflict, giving ample ground
For cataclysms of destruction
In the march of race production.

Of four suns, the first Atonathiu,
Or sun of water, bid adieu,—
Whereupon a deluge creeping,
Swept the earth of all caught sleeping.

But a single man named Coxcox
And a woman, (to be orthodox)
Teocipatli, had been able,
In a boat—the same old fable—

To save themselves, and reaching land
Near by the mountain Colhuacan,
Had many children, all born dumb,
From each a language new might come.

The second sun, if all is true,
Was called Ehecatonathiu.
When he was dying, sent a wind,
Destroying all that it might find.

The third, Tletonathiu by name,
Destroyed the earth by fire and flame.
The fourth and last Tlatonathiu,
Destroyed not, but created new.

This modern critic, cunning sage,
From right to left hath read the page,
But tells us that from left to right,
These suns appear reversed to sight.

This shows how little may be known,
Where fable rules the page alone,
We see a picture, guess its birth,
And this is what we know of earth.

Atlas, in Greece held up the world,
He did not even know it whirled.
The elephant in India's lore
Upon his back in triumph bore

A quiet earth, till Turtle strength,
The Indian legend found at length.
If asked who holds *our* world of old,
Opinions differ, I am told.

But reading now from Aztec page,
We find how silly to engage
In thoughts so shallow and so frail,
For 'twas supported by a whale.

But each his sacred fable holds,
From Moses down,—each tale enfolds
Some feature, truthful in its mien,
And all stand pat as may be seen.

'Tis sad these legends all are made
The basis of some great parade
Of truth, (?) to bind mankind to earth,
Whose fears engendered in his birth

Will not permit him to rebel
From tales that lack agreement well.
And sadder still, that building ill
Men even garble at their will.

WORLD FORMING.

(Condensed from an address before the Bay View Society of Palmer Memorial Church.

MAN.

Can we hope in one brief paper,
Though freely using borrowed light,
So to trim our feeble taper
That some great truth appear aright?
  Truth may only be found sure
  While foundation rests secure.

Truth is truth the wide world over,
But we search for truths of science,
As if science must uncover
Newer truths or new appliance.
  As if scientific truth
  Were perennial as youth.

Granting this, but failure counting
As perhaps a rule in science
Each decade, in truth amounting
Only to provoke defiance.
  Truth is one and only one.
  God is truth, a shining sun.

In beginning, God—we pause here—
Though we might have said, "created,"
But we wish the thought more clear
"*The*" would be with time related.
  'Tis significant, and in fact
  Gives false meaning to the act.

If we say in "*the*" beginning,
We have dual mystery found,
God was always, this thought winning,
Leaves our mind and logic sound.
  Before beginning loses rein
  In beginning must obtain.

Not the earth or heavens or suns,
Not the planets in their motions,
Not the bright stars whose swift course runs,
Not the lakes or seas or oceans,
  In beginning God created,
  If the truth were fairly stated.

My thought is not to trace old plans,
Establish or deny design,
But try what may be in fresh banns,
Nor heed the chips, but hew to line.
  A homely story of the age,
  To last till someone turns the page.

Briefly as may be told in verse
In language plain and far removed
From scientific terms, that curse
Or hide new truths sought to be proved,
  Just this, whence came the universe,
  The old, new story to rehearse.

Not one little world or planet
But the universe of nature
All are bound in fire or granite
All alike present one feature
  And were born one mighty whole,
  And given force, materials, soul.

All material for all worlds, just
Matter if we choose to name it,
With laws, a universal trust,
Born cold, of course; who shall blame it?
  If from shivering motion, pass
  To other forms, for this whole mass.

Flying here and there and crowded,
Always tending to some center,
Mystery in magic shrouded,
Till new forms are seen to enter.
  Space as space, or time as timing,
  Seem unknown or just defining.

Sometime back we spoke of matter,
And of force, as something given,
And of law as coming later,
This is wrong as may be proven.
  Right in fact, but wrong in diction—
  Paving way to seeming friction.

These are twins or triplets surely,
Matter with force and law divine,
Make each other, speaking, purely,
Just what they are, and their design.
  Matter without force is never,
  Force from matter cannot sever.

We sometimes speak of matter, dead—
Let's view dead matter, without force,
Nor light, nor dark, nor hot, indeed
Nor color, shape, without resource
  All matter, force and law combined,
  If lacking one, all's undermined.

OUR STORY.

Once on a time, before time was,
At the close of eternity past,
All space was filled completely as
It could well be and hope to last—
  I wipe my specs to see what's writ—
  Spirit of truth! don't have a fit.

Can time precede itself, or make
Division of eternity?
Or space grow full? a sad, sad break.
Ignorance its paternity,
  We start anew, and hope to find
  A better formula of mind.

We must concede beginning, though
We know not when, or how or why,
Nor time, nor space precede, we know,
The system giving birth, nor try
  To penetrate beyond the place
  Where nature starts, with time and space,

Relations both, and nothing more.
What happens now? this whole great mass,
In seething motions, by a score
So vast that nothing can surpass.
Ages of eons, time ran waste,
  Ere whirling worlds came into space.

This earth with all her speed enrolled,
Grew hot and shining like a sun.
But finding outer space grown cold,
At last got crusty, and begun
  A race for borrowed light alone,
  Chasing the sun without a moan.

A hundred million years of strife,
The crusting earth grew crustier still.
Fitted at last to carry life,
Still life was absent from the bill.
  Some life no doubt in lowly forms,
  Came on the earth amidst these storms.

Some kind of life came on the earth,
Sometime, somehow, I know not this.
I would not even speak its birth.
Though speaking it were not amiss.
  I only mention it because,
  Progressing earth leans on its laws.

Combined with heat and cold and flood,
Through grinding ice, and chilling seas,
Long epochs be it understood
The earth passed through with seeming ease,
  Till man came on, mere troglodyte
  Living in caves and as he might.

For many hundred thousand years,
The earth kept grinding on her way.
Mankind might live, as it appears,
Or die, she held her even sway—
  But man was conqueror at last—
  Subduing earth—a glorious past.

Not condemnation for some sin,
Direct, implied, or great or small,
Forced man to conquer earth, or win
A living from its untilled soil.
  When man full fledged as man, appears
  His life fills many thousand years.

Mankind a savage, troglodyte,
Woke up as man when first he said
"I am," and so I have a right
To be, conscience if rightly read
  Is but discrimination's law
  In rightness, and is free from flaw.

Man became moral, later on,
When thoughts of selfish right and wrong,
Gave way to others' claims, anon,
And said his rights, as mine are strong.
  And later still when thunders rolled,
  And storm and wind all things controlled.

He saw a power beyond his ken,
He must propitiate to live,
Grew superstitious first and then
Religious, just a step to give.
  The step was forward and so man
  Another world had in his plan.

I would not have you here suppose
Religion is subordinate,
Or morals less than consceince prove,
Or conscience by its early date
  Shall dominate the other two.
  They're separate, this is the view.

No longer woman suffers, as
The cause of hardships by her sin.
No longer man is bound or has
His own dread future state to win.
  If Adam started free from sin
  All Adams since are born to win.

And all are Adams, new, when born,
As has been seen and noted down.
The moral law we sometimes scorn
As though some being, with a frown
  Had thrust it on us as a ban,
  To stop the course of mortal man.

The fact is patent, when we scan
The question in its full conceit,
The moral law was made by man
For man's own good, not his defeat.
  We sometimes break man-given laws,
  But never laws of God, because

All laws of nature, made by God
Are quite unbreakable by man,
And so we reason, 'tis not odd
Dividing line is found—a plan
  We reason from—the turning stake,
  God never made a law we break.

Now should it seem this question here
Is out of place or much too long,
I'm sorry thus it should appear,
But cannot make the point less strong.
  If I am wrong I'm sorrier still,
  If I am right, then 'tis God's will.

Or right or wrong, be not deceived,
For faults 'gainst any law in force,
Divine or not, must be retrieved—
Forgiving is not nature's course.
  The law of healing leaves a scar,
  'Twere wiser, injury to bar.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

Put yourself in his place; 'tis not easy I know,
To think his crude thoughts, with your learning.
But try to get back in times earlier flow
When language and thought, first discerning
  Their dual nature, wanted to know,
  All about what went on here below.

What man breathed, he knew not, what the wind all unknown
Save some sinister power,—what the sun?
Where he went ev'ry night, how got back where he shone
Or what monster came up, on the run,
  And swallowed him up in broad day,—
  Or why storms such havoc should play.

When you read of crude man, with his fig leaves to sew,
You find he was formed fully grown.
As you read down the page, see him rapidly grow
Into savants, whose lights brightly shone.
  You cannot but think this early dawn
  Has settings quite modern, as drawn.

I do not deny any Adam full measure,
As grown man, at his birth, this is why,
Though primitive man has a boyhood to treasure
As a race—quite distinct from his "*I*."
  His first ego, his right and his wrong,
  To his first perfect manhood belong.

From time out of mind, (how much longer I know not),
Man was classed as "tool using"—in fact,
An animal still, but advancing, I trow not
Or swift or slow, this far-reaching act,
  But of this be assured, the bright page,
  Showed, when turned, no "lost links" for the age.

No links were e'er missing, therefore none to mislay,
The chain, smooth and strong, was unbroken,
Man's lowly precursor, was himself as today,
Now as then, the same by this token.
  His ascending line his own alone,
  False relations he had none to atone.

All now was before him, perhaps little behind,
Had instinct in common with others,
Had need of its help, and perhaps felt inclined,
To treat his old friends as half brothers,
  But his thoughts, as his ways, were quite crude,
  And his manners, assuredly rude.

I care not if yellow, white, brown, or black his skin
His abode at the time, why he moved,
'Tis enough now to know, how that ego within,
Brought about all the things now approved.
  'Tis degrading no doubt that mankind,
  Has been handicapped, time out of mind.

For many a thousand long years man progressed
Fighting for food and raiment and life,
Fighting the elements, and for all he possessed.
His life a continual, heated strife.
  Till he overcame all but his fears,
  Which grew stronger with advancing years.

A glance at our history of progress in life,
Only during some brief years last past,
Will reveal little else than through turmoil and strife,
He's won fighting grounds, only, at last.
  All progress in thought, through even these years,
  Shows how man had to fight his own fears.

Not 'gainst ignorant man, the unlearned or the bad,
But the good, with his axes to grind,
Who fears truth if well known, may destroy some old fad,—
For he lives by these fads of the mind.
  He's written them down, steers by their light,
  Insists that all follow, wrong or right.

'Tis the fear, not the facts, that still holds progress down
To primitive thoughts of a decade,
When a language released from a death of its own,
Caught a legend, and since by its aid,
  Has fatted man's fears through long ages,
  And damns him if caught turning pages.

But the time must come, when incomparable man,
Shall stand free of the fears of ages,
His release, slow but sure, placing him in the van,
Is seen in new lights at short stages
  Must in truth prove him worthy God's plan,
  Of dominion over beast *and man.*

MISTAKES.

(Owns up.)

I see I've made a little slip,
I've done the same before,
And may again on sailing ship
Too many leagues from shore.

Excuses, like the man who limps,
But emphasize the fault.
(As curly hair does not need crimps
And only lame men halt).

The man who never makes mistakes,
Is one who never works—
Unless it be the pains he takes,
To show you that he shirks.

So better let the old things go,
And tackle something new.
Just tell them that "I told you so."
'Tis better—that's my view.

THE LEGEND OF ADJIGARTA.

At the close of Twapara-youga—
Of India's world, this the third age,
Not so very long was this age,
Compared with ages one and two.
Though quite double Cali-youga
Following after—not yet closed.
Four thousand years before our era,
Lived Vaiwas-Vata, through the flood,
With his sons, their names omitted.
But 'tis not of Vaiwas-Vata,
Nor his sons this legend's written,
But his *grandson* Adjigarta,
And to settle when he lived.

THE LEGEND.

In the country of the Ganga,
Lived this good man Adjigarta,
Lived this man to worship Brahma.
When the sacrifice was offered—
When newly purified his mouth—
Soft he whispered one word "Ahum"
Chanted then the hymn Savitri—
Bhauer, Bhauvah, Shaur, Earth, Air, Heaven,
Chanted hymns to Lord of earth,
Chanted hymns to sun resplendent,
"O, sublime and glorious sun"
Under guidance of Pavaca,
Holy man of seventy years,
Of the age when men of wisdom
Should retire and worship Brahma,
Should retire in contemplation—
Living henceforth in seclusion.

Much we notice this Pavaca
For his help to Adjigarta,
Who had reached the golden age.
Prime his years for even that age,
Five and forty years of vigor,
Bronzed his face in sun he worship'd.
Then one morning after prayers,
Came his master, the Pavaca,
Came and brought to Adjigarta
Heifer, without spot or blemish,
From the Lord the gift came freely.
Then Pavaca spake out plainly—
"You should think now of procuring,
Son and heir, that may accomplish
On thy tomb the ceremonies
That shall lead thee safe to Brahma."
Adjigarta listened calmly,
Listened to the words of wisdom.
Heard the sound of words as spoken,
But, alas, he knew not woman!
Then Pavaca shewed great wisdom—
Spake his words in solemn cadence—
I who gave you understanding,
Must bring you happiness and love.
Now Pavaca had some daughters,
Beautiful and loving daughters,
And Parvady was the elder.
But why speak of daughters many
When Parvady was considered?
She lived always in seclusion,
Never saw the form of manhood,
Nor had she e'er been seen by man.
I will bring you my Parvady,
Loving daughter of my household.

Thus with joy was Adjigarta
Filled to overflowing tension,
Till the wedding feast was finished,
After manner of the Devidjas.
Years swept on and Adjigarta,
With the beautiful Parvady,
Lived and prospered happily,
But one failure was recorded
Sons or children came not to them,
While the laws of separation
In the eighth year, for such failure,
Made incumbent on this couple
In compliance with its tenure
Separation and forever—
Now approached, and almost frantic
Prayers were offered by Parvady.
Vain her pilgrimage to Ganges,
Vain her vows and prayers to Brahma—
When one day took Adjigarta,
A young goat, not having blemish,
For a sacrifice to Brahma.
To the mountain went this mourner,
Went this man with earnest features,
Sacrificed and prayed to Brahma,
That a separation should not
Take the place of holy union.
Better human laws be broken,
Better all things else should fail them—
Sweep away in one swift whirlwind
All their earthly goods and chattels,
Only save their holy union.
Then came voice from heaven saying,
"Adjigarta, cease they crying."
"I have heard thy supplication."

Then arise, return, and ponder.
When he reached his home, in wonder
Met Parvady smiling sweetly,
Who in answer to a question
Stated that a stranger, calling,
Whom she fed, as was the custom,
On boiled rice and ghee provided,
Stated plainly she should birth give
To a son, Viashagana.
(Reward of Alms) could he do less?
Then in time, midst joy and feasting
Came this son, Viashagana.
When this lad was in his twelfth year,
Adjigarta thought it fitting
That he sacrifice to Brahma.
Taking then a goat whose skin
Rivaled sun in color (redness)
Took his son Viashagana
To the mountain where before, his
Supplications had been answered.
On their way, they spied a serpent,
Robbing dove's nest of its young ones.
'Tis a trivial thing to mention,
But things small may change a nation—
In this case at least, the story
Is embellished in the sequel,
Valiantly the lad assailed it
Killed it and restored the dove.
Now they journeyed on, and finding
Place for sacrifice, their kid tied,
Hurried then to build an altar—
When at last their task was finished
When at last the stones were laid,
Vanished had the kid, from durance,

Alas, their sacrifice had flown.
Then was consternation rampant,
Till the father, Adjigarta,
Thought of dove they had restored,
Thought that Brahma would accept it—
Ordered son Viashagana,
To return and bring it to him.
Then was Brahma angry with him—
"He who destroys the good once done,
Is unworthy to address me,
Immolate therefore now thy son."
O, the anguish of this father
At this order unexpected,—
But he dreamed not of refusal.
While his son consenting to it,
Urged his father not to falter,
So, in anguish, Adjigarta
Bound his son upon the altar,
Bound him tight with withes or sinew.
Lifted knife to slay his victim—
Lifted it with fainting heart strings—
How should he return without him—
How approach Parvady, mother.
How explain religious murder?—
When in form of dove came Vischnou,
Ordered bonds to be quick severed,
Ordered that the pile be scattered—
Brahma, father, knew him faithful,
And no sacrifice was needful.
Promised also to his offspring,
To his son Viashagana,
In his line should come a virgin
Who, filled with divine afflatus,
Should give birth to Christna—sacred,

Tenth and last reincarnation.
Christna only son of Brahma.
Vischnou and those named between
Manifestations were, as seen.

— —

SOLITUDE.

"O Solitude. Where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

Thus wrote William Cowper, one day,
The sentiment might not reflect
His own or it may, I can't say,
He wrote for Defoe, recollect.

True, solitude sometimes alarms,
And again shows a radiant face.
Let me choose the outlying farms
Of—Elsie—or other bright place.

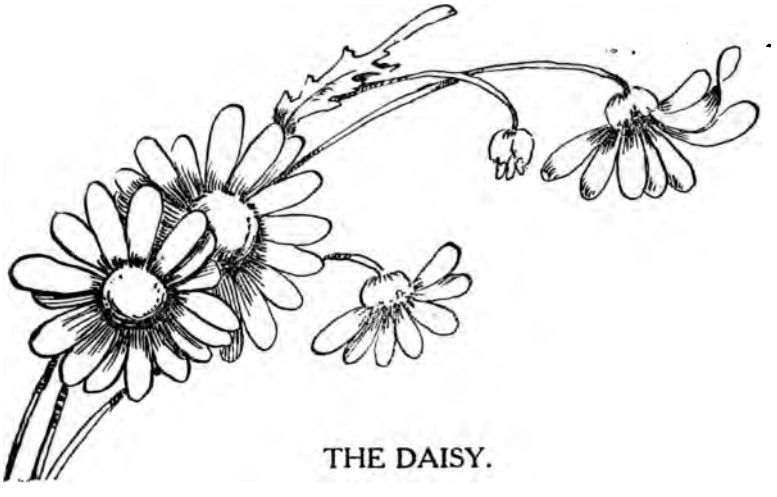
Where farm work is done by machines,
And the farmer lolls at his ease,
Discussing the new crop of beans,
And selling his milk to make cheese.

Though land-marks of youth seem effaced—
The woods and the swamps are no more—
Still many old lines may be traced,
That remind us of days of yore.

I, myself, am changed, to be frank,
In my name as well as my head,
I'm Henry where once I was Hank,
And I'm bald where once I was red.

Still give me the freedom of farms,
Or slav'ry, if that better suits,
Nor worry about small alarms,
The farmer conceding the fruits.

So whether a monarch or tramp,
I breathe the fresh air of my youth.
Finding friends, of the good old stamp,
While the country still stands for the truth.



THE DAISY.

Dear little Daisy—tender flow'r,
Bowing before the tyrant breeze.
Reminding us of childhood's hour,
As your beautiful form we seize.

Sweet little Daisy—we love you,
For yourself—your beautiful form,
With the waving grass above you.
To shelter you from the storm.

With your pink and white and yellow
With a night cap about your head,
Dear little familiar fellow,
We bemoan you, when you are dead.

DOT FUNNY HOLLANT PY DER SEA.

Dot Hollant py der Zuider Zee,
Day is not much peside her.
Dot Zuider is inside her, see?
Unt she is rount dot Zuider.
Unt yet I tink dere's somedings wrong
She no buy Zuider for a song.

Now I tink me dot inside her
She haf got rount dot Zuider, Zee?
Youst pecause sometimes dot Zuider
Haf come py dose peoples free.
Unt dats why day dont haf, see
Dot inside her day cant by der Zuider, Zee?

Den day haf dose wooten shoe-tree,
Vere der shoes grow like der fruits,
Till dere ripe (and youst as free
As der Zider) youst like schmall poats.
I haf never see dose shoe-tree,
But dose schmall poats I haf see.

TO MISS H., BY REQUEST FOR A VALENTINE.

St. Valentine, St. Valentine, or all the saints at large,
Please find a loving girl for me. and keep her well in charge,
Of course I can't describe her, that is quite beyond my art,
Still you may need a pointer. so just look upon this chart.
This girl should be "chock full" of fun, her eyes of azure blue,
Or gray or brown, I cannot tell. I leave the choice to you—
I'll tell you how you'll know her, she's but one string to her bow.
Reversing the old order, as I think you ought to know,—
To her one string she's sev'ral beaux, and this but goes to show,

That modern, up to date young girls, are anything but slow.
I want her well looked after, lest I lose her after all.
In cloud of loyal lovers whose devotion will not pall.
Her name is—well, names are changing—and so will hers I guess,
So a name would be misleading, you'll readily confess.
The nine first letters of her name, you'll find upon the sheet
That covers o'er this chart of mine. (please drop it at her feet,)
If she to me prove true, then, as I hope and trust she is.
There'll soon be something doing, for this girl is full of biz—
So when you catch your weazel, 'tis not easy I confess,
Just drop a line, well bated, to friend W. H. and S.

MUCK-RAKING, OR THE SAD END OF A MUCK-RAKER AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(Apologies to Kipling, if near enough.)

A muck-raker man started work out west,
(Even as you or I.)
And he raked away with horrible zest,
(Even as you or I.)
And the muck he raked,
Whether raw or baked,
And the smells he staked—
For nothing was faked
Smelled to the very sky.

The world took notice and sat up straight,
(Even as you or I.)
And the congress gave these smells due weight,
(Even as you or I.)
And the laws they made,
And the smells they stayed,
Till nastiness had retired dismayed,
All for calling a spade a spade.
And they cleared the western sky.

A moral muck-raker started in,
(Even as you or I.)
And thought to reform old notions of sin,
(Even as you or I.)
But the cranks were stirred,
They would not hear a word,
Since they never had erred—
And their faults but inferred.
Tho to others they smelled to the sky.

This muck-raker man, the records will show,
(Even as you or I.)

In his zeal broke his rake, and spoiled a hoe,
(Even as you or I.)
And he righted few wrongs,
For his long awkward prongs,
Raked over an Urn of ye ancient songs,
And he died of the stench that thereto belongs,
And was sent down below to fry.

Now a moral must surely be found in this,
(Even as you or I.)
And morals should predicate nothing amiss,
(Even as you or I.)
So avoid these mistakes—
Never dally with rakes
Nor disturb ancient fakes,
Lest an intolerant spirit awakes
And some horrible death ye die.

Here lie the remains of muck-rake "Billy,"
His feeble brain at last turned silly,
When he smothered a curse,
Took a ride in the hearse,
Fell from song to mere verse,
Rapidly gliding from bad to worse.
So they buried him here, *willy nilly*.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

(Extract from an address delivered at Golden Rule Lodge O. S. B.)

A good joke on somebody—from a paper found in an old ash barrel. Mr. S. puts his comments in brackets.

THE FIRST HORSE.

Once on a time in the long, long ago,
'Twas the age of wonders, the records show.
A splendid star from its home in the sky,
Wandered far away and was caught on the fly
By some very wise men, who were out after dark,
And who probably came from the east, on a lark.
(I like that, "caught on the fly," "the east on a lark"—
I have heard some such phrase, at some sort of park.")
It was surely a star, or a comet at least,
That was seen by those very wise men from the east.
Methinks 'twas a comet ("methinks," now that's great)
(And opens a new line of thought, sure as fate,)
(I thought that a poet of any great note,)
(Got together material, sat down, and just wrote,)
(But here comes a new thought, this may drive us to drink,)
(That even a poet must sometimes think.)
Methinks 'twas a comet, on its way to the sun
To pay him respect, or perhaps, just for fun,
Ran away from its tail, and soaring on high
Could never get back to its place in the sky.
Or it may well be, as some wise men now think,
That growing quite thirsty, he had pawned it for drink.
It seems hard to decide, but on any clear night
This tail may be seen, dres't in garments of light,
While our own milky way as you plainly may spy,
Is made from its folds, as it hangs in the sky.

SECOND HORSE—STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

(At this point the poet seems turned quite sad
For the star of this epoch had turned out bad.
But bravely he stops and his horse is unhitched,
While he hitched number two, though he nearly got ditched.
Then finds here a new style of star if you please,
So starts in and writes with commendable ease.)

THE NEW STAR.

In subsequent times for good of men,
Came another star of Bethlehem,
Shedding its glorious light around
Wherever human ills are found.
'Twas a beautiful star and form'd to stay
But it got the "pipp" and faded away.
Just in proportion as there was strife,
It wavered, fluttered and passed from life.
Again and again in following years
Its life was revived midst blood and tears—
Shown brightly around giving light and hope
To struggling mortals forced to grope
'Midst darkness and poverty's griping dearth—
But this was the epitaph, "Earth to earth"
Nor long need we look for the cause of death.
"Heart failure," said some, or "want of breath."
But I give you a pointer, 'twas neither of these,
But strife, jealousies and hate, if you please.
And want of confidence in central power.
For its downfall dates from the fatal hour
When these crep't in, and with noxious breath,
Gave the final stab, that led to its death.
(The troubles they had with this ancient star,
Remind me of quite modern faults we should bar.)

BEN HUR—3D AND LAST.

(Again our poet seeks a new relay—
Took a third horse and turn'd out the other to hay.
He seems now to get right down to our work.
Calls a spade a spade, and refuses to shirk.)

THE MODERN STAR.

In writing stars, numbers one, two or three
No offense must be taken—'tis plain to see,
The stars were all right—in beauty they came,
Good tidings bringing, wherever their flame
Could be felt or seen—'twas the fault of men,
That they failed in their purpose, therefore when
We speak of failure or subtle disease,
'Tis only some local form, if you please.
And what shall we say of our own bright star,
Eclipsing all former appearances, far.
Shall we shine the brighter, as we draw nigh,
To the hearts of thousands, beneath our sky
Of azure blue with its silvery sheen,
The brightest and best we have so far seen?
Shall we stand the test of adversity's breath?
Shall we hope to live surrounded by death?
Yes, we shall live, if to live we deserve—
If careful, always, our laws to conserve.
Rememb'ring well that the quick-sands of strife
Will rob the most glorious order of life.
We shall never cease to regret the day,
We allow our craft to drift that way.
For our fate will be the fate of the past,
As only the fit shall survive at the last.
The path lies before us as plain as day,
We shall live or die, as we take our way.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN?

Dear Nephew, your double decked postal received.
That you have no letter, I'm certainly grieved.
Lost, strayed or stolen (I've just mislaid your card)
So specific answer to indictments, seem hard.
"Lost." That cannot happen so long as the church
Looks after the pillars, while wielding the birch.
"Strayed." That may happen to saint or to sinner,
The slow horse by chance is sometimes the winner.
Chance say you? Yes chance, though it's subject to law,
Seems destined to triumph,—there's many a flaw
In the law of chance as well as the others,
All kinds of laws are a sort of half brothers—
The laws of physics defined by great doctors
Or taught in great schools by extra great proctors.
It may be diff'rently spelled, but what matter?
Good cakes oft come from unpromising batter
So making a short story long (a mere slip.)
The lady you seek, has been down with "la-grippe."
Strayed away from good health, took to tablets and pills
Left the work to the girl, and to me all the bills.
Stolen? Not so sir—had this been the case,
A very swift horse had then enter'd the race,
Show'ring clouds of gray dust—obscuring the track
In a heart-breaking rush to bring the goods back.
Just sick—that's the verdict, but now much better,
And able ere long to write you that letter.
In the meantime then, just be patient I pray,
Rememb'ring that blood is e'en thicker than whey.
Which is water of milk, or curd or what not.
If not milk and water (I've nearly forgot.)
Just think of us, always, as wishing you well—
Letters, affectionate, are merely the shell,

We make use of, showing our mind to a friend.
Who already knows we're his, world without end.
Thus, having shown you my mind, need I confess
That now I'm yours truly—(Signed) W. H. S.

"JOHNNY JUMP UP."

Little "Johnny Jump Up,"
Hiding in the grass,
There you sit and hump up,
Hoping I may pass.

But I know your habit,
Hiding from the cold,
You're much like the rabbit,
Never overbold.

Glad they Johnny Jump you,
It helps Johnny out,
Johnny could not bear to
Go without a shout.

Then you're wild as "blazes,"
In the early spring
Beating out the Daisies,
"Johnny on the wing."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM—"O. S. B."

(Extract opening address at Social Palestine Lodge.)

PRELUDE.

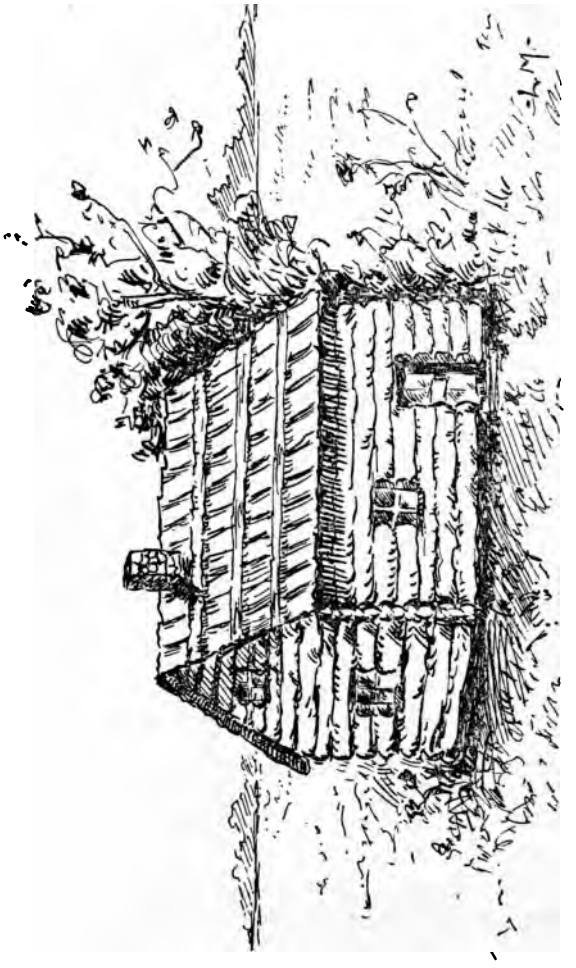
"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."
And even ladies sometimes smile
The passing moments to beguile.

If all our lives were gay or sad,
All writings whether good or bad,
Must, to conform, be in one vein—
Or sad or gay—The fates ordain
Quite other things, and social life
Is but a reflex (freed from strife)
Of private or of public taste,
And only good things form a caste.
Thus while I'm sad, I hope and pray,
These guests assembled may be gay.
If austere thoughts are longer lived,
Yet pleasant fancies well devised
May gild the gem of solid worth,
Brightening the thought that gave it birth.
So blend we light and shade together,
Sunshine as well as stormy weather—
A little cloud—a dash of rain—
Flashes then out the sun again,
Driving the rain drops far and near,
Waking the birds to notes of cheer,
Painting the bow in colors bright,
Driving the storm cloud from our sight.
We cheer the sick with smiles and flowers,
Short'ning the sick room's long drawn hours.
Helping each other in time of need—
"A friend in need's a friend indeed."
Lifting the lowly here and there
These are the lights of Bethlehem's star.

THE OLD LOG HOUSE.

By Request.

Dear old log house, to thee I sing, you sheltered me in youth,
I cannot well abuse you now, or give much praise, in truth,
And still in mem'ry, oft I see, your batten'd, cat-holed door,
And see the cat come sneaking through, the trap-door push'd before,
When bed time comes I seek the loft, where hid upon the bed,
Are little stacks of snow piled up,—a nightcap for the head—
And there were little drifts of snow, across the chamber floor—
I wonder how I still slept warm, nor lost a single snore,
I see your roof of hollow'd logs, one course upon their backs,
The other course turned over these, to cover o'er long cracks—
Or shakes of oak, held down with poles, bound on by withes of beech—
(Blue beech we called it) tough and strong, a row of stones for each,
Upon the crane, pot hooks are hung, and pots upon the hooks,
When dinner's ripe, the pots are picked (at least that's how it looks)
Hot coals long since grown dull and black, are seen upon the hearth,
And on these coals a spider rests, a crackling, stewing mirth
Of sausage, or of venison, delighting all our souls—
The great bakekettle covered o'er with ashes and hot coals,
Baking potatoes for the meal, or shortcake brown and light,
The bright tin baker with its hood turn'd back just out of sight,
Was raising dough, for bread to be, (a process that still goes)
The dye-tub in one corner stands, but not you may suppose
In aid of dinner, by its stock, of odors in repose,
But quite as indispensable, as though it were a rose.
In fireplace both wide and deep, I hear the backlog stewing
And see in roomy corner stand, the crock of flap-jacks, brewing.
The ink-horn near the mantle piece, is hanging on the wall,
Across, are brackets, axe and guns and powderhorn and all.
If wind were east or west or wrong, whichever way it blew,



THE OLD LOG HOUSE.

You were the house that sheltered me, if chimney never drew.
The well sweep never swept at all, and so was always kept,
As useful drawing water, as it could be if it swept.
The well curb curbed its temper well, the bucket was of pine,
No moss accumulated on this dripping pail, in fine,
The only things conventional, were "skeeters," who would "boom,"
Upon the shaking pioneer, who "smudged" them till the room
Smelled to high heav'n of creosote, and raised the question, which
Were worse, mosquitoes, smoke or smell, of burning grease and pitch.
To all of which the pioneer, at last becomes resigned,
But even now I shudder, when I call the thing to mind.
I cannot blame the house for this, of country life, new born,
'Tis typical, and forms a part of settings that adorn,
The early efforts of our sires—and of ourselves, as well,
To make the future brighter, and things new the old excel.
So here you have your picture, and I hope it's not all bad,
I'm sorry for your bad points, but your good ones make me glad,
A palace is not always home, and so in earnest truth,
With all my heart I thank you, for you sheltered me in youth.

AN EARLY STRIKE.

"Once on a time," the fable says,
  The members of the body,
Felt much aggrieved, in many ways,
  And gave the subject study.

The trouble was, the stomach got,
  The good things they provided,
These members thought, the others ought
  To have some things divided.

And so they all agreed to strike
  Against this idle stomach—
They scarcely knew what it was like,
  Except it was a hummock

That they'd reduce in double quick,
  And make it earn a living,
The feet and legs were first to kick,
  Too much support they're giving.

The hands no more would feed the mouth,
  Nor would the mouth receive it,
The nose, for smells, was turned up south
  If one may just believe it.

And though the eyes can see right well,
  Another way they're looking,
Nor would the ears hear dinner bell,
  For fear of sound of cooking.

Awhile they had a jolly time,
  With ev'rything divided.
But soon it seem'd much less sublime,
  With little strength provided.

The eyes grew dull, the feet went lame,
  The ears set up a roaring,
The nose now thought all hands to blame,
  For sending victuals soaring.

So their old jobs, once more they seek,
  They voted on returning,
But found the "tummy," had grown weak,
  With tendency to spurning.

They realized the stomach was
  Themselves, as well as servant,
While all felt sorry, and because
  They had not been observant.

The stomach had the right to choose,
  The food it had to handle,
And name its agents to approve
  Its wants, or hold a candle,

That other members, better placed,
  May better see their duty,
All obligations, double faced,
  Showed now in double beauty.

In course of time, a normal state,
  Had reach'd them, for a season.
All things worked smooth, at any rate,
  And ev'ry one in reason

Was thankful that it was no worse,
  For ill things, once begotten,
May grow still worse—an active curse
  Till all are dead and rotten.

AND THAT MINE ADVERSARY HAD WRITTEN A BOOK—JOB.

"Of writing books there is no end,"
And most of them are read.
How many thoughtfully attend
Life's wants, except for bread?
  And still to books of ev'ry kind,
  We owe advance, nor should we find
  One worthless to a growing mind.

Job was in trouble, sorely tried—
What want had he for books
His friends, well proved, could not provide?
The answer, if one looks
  Between the lines, is plain as day—
  His life he'd advertise that way,
  That e'en his enemies should say

That " Job was perfect in his day."
In writing books to read
(Or sell,) give truth its perfect way,
And scatter wide the seed
  That, lodging where the soil is good
  Or poor, may grow if understood,
  And bear some fruit for livelihood.

One better sometimes be found wrong,
Than not be found at all.
With many books in prose or song,
An error must be small
  To pass them all, and gain its way
  To many minds or with them stay,
  Not often long may errors sway

Be found to rule life's fertile mind,
  With liberty to think
And speak the freedom of mankind,
  (Which now upon the brink
    Is struggling to maintain its life,
    While throwing needed "sops" 'gainst strife
    Of ancient errors always rife,)

Some thoughts, we cannot quite ignore,
  Try hard to, as we may.
Philosophy of life's grand store,
  A question here to stay.
    Whence came this earth, and man and beast,
    Life, thought, progression?—one grand feast
    Of reason, when 'tis found, at least

To him who may the riddle guess,
  And him who reads the page
With honest purpose to suppress
  The errors of his age.
    No truth is all of truth, alone,
    The final truth, the last cap-stone,
    When set, completes the builder's dome.

Each stone, a truth in science found,
  Each philosophic thought,
Must meet in one harmon'ous round,
  Ere masterpiece is wrought.
    When man discerns there's nought amiss,
    Then he'll have faith for truth, like this,
    Found bridging o'er the last abyss.

Progression? All things have progressed,
  But how or why or whence,
We know not, and it is confessed
  There's still much ignorance.

Has thought—intelligence itself
Progressed or only left its shelf
As brain grew strong?—that subtle elf.

Has brain progressed to catch new thought?
Or has new thought, the brain
Forced into better forms, wrought
The miracle we name
That thought and brain forever pace
To greatness for the human race,
Till both may perfect truth embrace.

Is evolution only for
The physical in life?
Is growth of mind a metaphor
Based on unending strife
For better things or higher thought
Through better channels *only* wrought
Or may the mind itself be brought

To higher progress in life's plan
And lead the brain to act?
To me, as to the average man,
Intelligence, a fact
Of life is manifestly known
Through organs trained, and they alone
Control the mind, as may be shown.

What then. is mind—intelligence,
A *product* or a *power?*
Pursue the thought with diligence,
And note from hour to hour,
The twin-born character of each,
Whose close bound nature must impeach
All effort of the mind to reach

Solution, till some plan is found
  To separate the two,
Examine each on common ground
  The organ in plain view,
    Loaded with "mind stuff" to the brink,
    Tapping some passing power to think
    Or from deep fount of knowledge drink.

Like the old question of the chick
  And egg, which one first came?
Our ancestors would never kick
  Since they'd both egg and game.
    But in all truth, till method sound
    Was reached, on sound foundation ground,
    No answer to the thought was found.

That error may appear in books,
  Where truth, in humble pride,
Is seeking mastery (nor looks
  At error by its side)
    Is true, no doubt, but may scarce mar
    Our vision set for truth, afar,
    If only 'tis not made a bar

'Gainst truth, in prominence, at least
  If truth, not error sway
The moving thought, the happy feast
  Will never lead astray.
    Together must the tares and wheat
    Grow up till harvest time complete—
    Lest grain we tramp with careless feet.

We do not plead for error here
  Its face in ugliness
May only stand in contrast, clear,
  When truth is in excess.

Truth like a grand foundation stone,
Shall bear the structure, till alone
It stands when all things else have flown.

Then give us books of divers kinds
In elegy or song,
Failing, perhaps, to fit our minds,
They'll heal another's wrong.
There's many thoughts in many minds
And many good ones, when confined
Are lost to progress and mankind.

TRUTH—

"TH' ETERNAL YEARS OF GOD ARE HERS."

And what is truth? A question old,
The answer ever new,
From Adam down to Moses, bold,
From Moses clear down through,
Philosophers of early days,
Felt sure they knew its subtle ways.

They searched for truth in many ways,
They saw its growing power,
And followed where its shining rays,
Gave promise of rich dower.
But truth, in bottom of a well,
Was safe, unless a bucket fell.

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again"
  But error buried, too,
Arises, a confusing train,
  And who shall judge the true?
    "Th' eternal years of God are hers"
    A *near truth* thought on man confers.

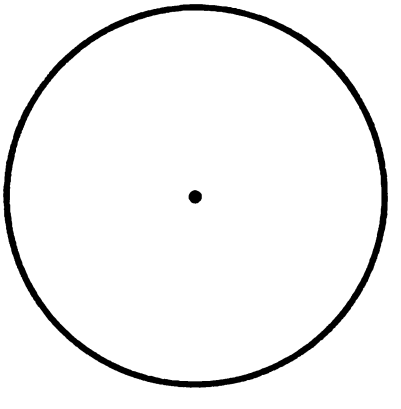
God does not count the lapse of time,
  By years of *any* length,
Truth, to be useful—as sublime—
  Should put on *early* strength.
    This world might fail, ere shining truth,
    Break through false lights of callow youth.

No doubt that light and truth are kin,
  And that's one reason why
We fail to find the truth, within
  Our darkness, and hard by
    We've stuck a stake, declared truth, found,
    Then warped our facts, to fit the ground.

Truth always one, (but many kinds)
  Returns to unity,
The later method in our minds
  Is to pursue it free.
    Divide its forms, to fit the case,
    With truth, search out the truth, apace.

Now, truth lies in a circle, bound,
  Is plainly visible, or not,
As we approach its hallowed ground,
  Adjusting focus to the spot.
  Truth absolute (this may seem odd)
    Is ONE, and only found in God.

The point within a circle, strong
  Intrenched from mortal man,
Does not imply the circle wrong,—
  Approach it he who can.
    A battle ground, in which lies proof
    The circle ends our search for truth.



THE FARMER.

I want to be a farmer, bold, and with the farmers stand
At four a. m. in summer time, a squirt gun in my hand,
Spraying my vines and "taters" too, with Paris Green, of course
To kill the bugs that gather to assail the vines in force.

I always was a farmer and I know some things about
The old way farmers saved their crops, ere squirt gun took the route,
We caught our bug and tickled it, with straw of any kind,
And when it laughed, we doped it good, and satisfied our mind.

One time we had no poison, so, tobacco, powdered up,
Was spread in ample measure, and we even left the cup.
When we returned to view our work, a funny sight we saw,
The bugs were on a pic-nic, and they offered us a "chaw."

I love in early morning, when the dew is on the grass,
To hunt the cows in pastures, where some brooklet I must pass.
Or frost upon the pumpkin, that I'm feeding out at dawn,
With frozen fingers—plus wet feet, I got upon the lawn.

And still I love the farmer's life, and I should like to stand,
With milk-pail brimming o'er with milk, a swill pail near at hand,
I'd sell the milk for cheese, no doubt, to see just how 'twould seem,
But keep one Jersey extra, to supply my milk and cream.

How I'd like to be a farmer, when all my crops should fail,
The frost should kill the peaches, and great drouth the fruit assail,
The berry and the cherry, bright, the currant "sour as swill,"
Should all a rising market find, and thus my coffers fill.

Just give me back my boyhood days, when living on the farm,
A fore-sight (like my hind-sight) good, to give them added charm,
I'd just hang on and growl, betimes, like puppy to a root,
And when I could not ride to town, why I could go on foot.

THE ONE-HOSS DRAY.

This dray was old, when I was young,
  The horse a good bit older,
And though the dray was not high strung,
  The horse shied at a boulder.

I never knew the dray to drink,
  'Though often it got slued, sir,
And at such times it seemed to think,
  The people somewhat rude, sir.

For fifty-seven years or more,
  I watched this horse and dray go,
And never once they failed to score,
  Or acted the virago.

At last an auto. struck the town,
  The horse gave up, I'm told, sir,
Just like the swearing man, when down
  The hill, his apples rolled, sir.

He looked, but did not swear a word—
  No single word would answer—
And so this horse with look absurd,
  Would neither run, nor prance, sir.

Not so the dray whose habit was
  To *slue*, about so often,
It slued around, at once, because
  The horse had seemed to soften.

It always thought the horse was boss,
  But when it saw him sinking,
It ran away with that old "hoss,"
  And dumped him in a twinkling.

FEET WASHING.

(An ordinance now obsolete.)

This sacrament, or custom old,
  Came down for modern use,
Or was revived, as I am told,
  Though subject to abuse.

This ordinance, I've seen full oft,
  In early boyhood days—
Administered in pulpit loft—
  And vouch its thorough ways.

A bench behind the pulpit stands,
  On which the people sit,
In front, with towel in his hands,
  I see the Elder flit.

A pail of water, for the lot,
  Enough for all, I hope.
I know not if 'twere cold or hot,
  Or if the man used soap.

One foot alone, plunged in the pail,
  The pail would hold no more,
The preacher swabbed, but left a trail,
  Of water on the floor.

With towel clean, he wiped each one,
  As far as water wet,
Pass'd to the next, and soon was done,
  For he was spry, you bet.

A story on this line is told,
  I cannot vouch its truth,
'Twas printed in the papers old—
  I read it in my youth.

One Hiram and his loving wife,
  Prepared them for the day,
The wife would rather risk her life,
  Than from the pulpit stray.

Not so was Hiram, he was slow,
  Like Joseph—him of old,
Cared not a "rap," for the whole show,
  But finally was told

By wifey, dear, that if one leg
  And foot, were fairly clean,
She'd go with him, but she must beg
  He did not himself demean

By uncouth ways that mortify
  A spirit of high caste.
But rather seek to fortify
  A tendency to grace.

He washed and scrubbed and rinsed his hide,
  His leg and foot shone clean,
He took a front seat in much pride,
  And in the central scene.

His time soon came, he lost his head,
  And couldn't quite remember,
Which leg or foot, his wifey said,
  Should be the saving member.

You guess the sequel, I'll engage,
  Which leg 'twas, led the show,
The wife fell dead with useless rage,
  Such was the shock, you know.

The sisters, present, *sprinkled* her,
  For this they used a sponge,
This sprinkling roused her, I aver
  Much quicker than a plunge.

When lecture time arrived that night,
  And Hiram was in bed,
He shrewdly thought to gain the fight,
  And so, to wifey said.

"What foolishness 'twould be, to wash,
  A foot already clean,"
The common course to him was "bosh,"
  Then, snoring, closed the scene.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

The Zingian or Kaffir tribes, 'tis said, are black as night.
Hard by them lives the Hottentot, and though they are not white,
Are classed by scientific men as being found quite light.
This fact at first seems startling, for our notions of what's true
"The nearer the equator found the darker is the hue,"
Should still prove true, unless, indeed, new reasons come to view.

Two tribes or nations may exist in peace and side by side,
Not so the Hottentot, the light, and Kaffir in his pride,
A deadly hatred still exists,—the weaker, woe betide.
The Kaffir had the land before the lighter race came there
And drove him from his hunting ground, from home and country where
For ages he had lived in peace and free from every care.

These lines seem made for Africa, or for the Hottentot,
The Zingian Kaffir, prognathous profile and what not,
Not so, though mayhap interest may center in the plot.
Look o'er the world and note this fact, white races or part white—
The lighter races of the world show boldest in the fight—
They are the younger element, and they maintain the right

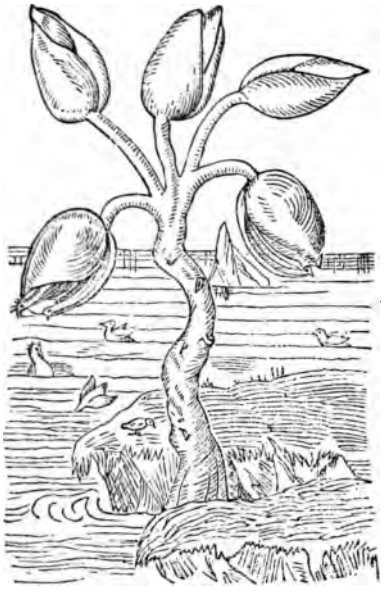
To snatch from weaker peoples, what they covet for themselves
A universal principal, a sort of right that smells
To heaven in theory, but practice is what tells.
"Survival of the fittest," is the name they call it by,
A good thing for the "fittest," but sure death, however sly
They keep it, for the unfit, though much strategy he try.

Take this advice, O dark of hue, grow lighter if you can
On climatolic influence—just use the moving van.
For never man, however white, got all that's due to man,
Unless advancing from some base, the principal is true
For white or dark or yellow, or for any other hue,
'Tis the one great law of progress, from any point of view.

SOME LITTLE THINGS.

Little things too small to see or separately measure,
Make up the universe of God, with all its store of treasure.
Small life in truth, gave birth at first, to little more than nought.
But kept right on the work of God, till higher life was wrought.
I'm never skeptical in thought—I see in force and laws
And matter as it's shown to man, one great Almighty cause—
And faithfully believe the law of adequate design,
A reason satisfactory, to meet a mind divine.
So when I meet conjuror, who tells me God has lied,
That any Adam born to life, may not look up in pride—
That God repented of his work, but kept right on his course
Of making souls that he might damn, I know of nothing worse.
And must condemn him out of hand, no matter what his place
Or creed, or where he found the text, he's surely "off his base."
And even if in Scripture found, in Myths, I can't agree.
'Tis but some man's opinion of some Gods with a small "G."
And not the God we worship as the only source of truth—
Not the creator or First Cause, we learned of in our youth.
I take the good book off its shelf, and dust it nice and clean,
(Thereby I show great love for it, as easily is seen.)
I love its hallowed pages, and I love its tales of yore—
Its myths and legends of our race,—its diction I adore
For purity, simplicity and for its wondrous store
Of fact and fiction closely wove—some errors I deplore.
I start to read in Genesis of Adam and his fall.
And wonder why his stumble should affect both great and small.
Would God in wisdom order that one pair shall people earth,
Then lay a deadly snare at once to catch them ere a birth
Had come to pass? To me the plan seems quite too thin and crude,
Was God less wise in ancient times, like man his methods rude?
I find an awful rule laid down (it takes away my breath.)
Concerning fruit if eaten that should lead to sudden death—
Not that the fruit was poisonous or hurtful in the least,
'Twas good for food and fair of sight, and ripened for a feast.

But 'twas the tree of knowledge of both good and evil things,
And from the first 'twas dangerous, to know the fruit that springs
From knowing what were right and wrong, then doing as we please.
But was it true that death lurked there? They'd chance it at their ease.
O, where were Eve and Adam then? How should they people earth
When dead? And so, I anxious grow, about a world of dearth—
But then I notice that the text, says nothing about death
After the fall as penalty, except in one small breath,—
"Dust art thou and to dust return," (in some nine hundred years)
O, where may I this fruit obtain?—this life so short appears.
And why did Adam get thrust out, the text says nought of sin—
But since he knew so much 'twas thought, the tree of life to win,
Might make him equal to the gods, as understood that day,
For all these gods were jealous, and thought man might live for aye.
Should he but live nine hundred years, some extra they'd throw in,
To make the tally sure of years, before grim death should win—
For never must the thought go forth, that gods should be unjust,
And then they drove him out to get his living in the dust.
Two thousand and five hundred years this story went for nought,
If anybody knew it then, 'twas dead enough to rot,
It might have perished utterly, but Moses, with his pen,
Came on and wrote it down for man,—and it lay dormant then,
Till after Christ was dead and gone, the story was fished up,
"In Adam all men die the death that was in Adam's cup."
"In Christ shall all men live again," and this seems fair enough,
'Till tested by demands of faith—it's seen to be a bluff—
For how can dead men come by faith,from Adam down to Paul,
Except the few from A. D. One, who heard some precepts fall?
And man is still a petty slave, these tales have made him so,
For great results from little things, persistently may grow.
The little foxes spoil the vine, the fly is very small,
But apothecary's ointment smells less fragrant for its call.
While our whole trouble seems to be, that Adam died one day,
Then went around nine hundred years, declaring he felt gay.
At least 'tis now declared he died the day that fruit he ate—
Though we think both fact and story, quite other things relate.



"They spawn, as it were, in March and April; the Geese are found in Maie, and June, and come to fulness of feathers in the moneth after. And thus having, through God's assistance, discoursed somewhat at large of grasses, herbes, shrubs, trees, mosses, and certaine excrescences of the earth, with other things moe incident to the Historie thereof, we conclude and ende our present volume, with this woonder of England. For which God's name be ever honoured and praised."—(Gerande, "Herball," 1633.)

THE GOOSE TREE—A MYTH OF 1500 TO 1677.

Have you never heard of the goose tree?—that indeed is sad,
I must confess my early years, knew not this ancient fad.
Ancient or modern, what matters?—it comes with hoary years,
Endorsed by writers of the time and whence this myth appears.
In England, Scotland and Ireland, and on the isle of Uist
This goose tree and its tree goose grew, and formed the lenten feast.
No substitution, but the goose, itself, this noble feast.

For goose was fish not flesh to them, a good excuse at least.
It was in fact a barnacle, but if you took a club—
These ancient writers saw the bird, and knew—aye then's the rub—
That ev'ry shell contained a bird, they had its picture plain,
It lies before me as I write—denial is in vain.
Anatifera was the name Linnaeus called the shell,
"Duck bearing," while he also found *Bernicula* quite well
Fitted for the goose—'tis said he called them by those names—
That's wrong, I think he saw the point, and left the ancient frames
Untouched, by which all Britain knew both barnacle and goose.
It therefore better seemed to him than turning new names loose.
Of course, we can't believe it now—the story as it's told
Just dating back five hundred years, but tho' its claims are bold,
It's quite too young to meet our wants, and therefore we refuse
To give full credence at this time,—in fact to meet our views,
It should date from the flood at least, or even back to Cain
The progenitor of Lameh, whose life we must maintain,
Was also straight descended from Cain's younger brother Seth.
If only this goose myth were old, we'd hang to it till death,
And prove it too in Hebrew, in Latin and what's better—
In good old English as she's writ, and never miss a letter,
So let us try with all our might this story to maintain
That geese from barnacles are born and raised upon the main.

OAK LEAVES—A MYTH.

How came the oak leaves so shriveled and crooked
With edges serrated, its points sharp and hooked?
'Twas the devil I hear, in a fit of spleen,
Tore the leaves into tatters of olive green.

He had asked of Jehovah, God of all things,
A very small favor, concerning his wings,
In fact it was plain, he cared only to know
If God on the devil, would favors bestow.

The good God smiled on him, yes when the oak leaf
Entirely drops off, and the tree in relief
Stands bare as we note is the habit of trees—
So the devil felt satisfied, quite at his ease,

To wait till the autumn, till strong winds and frost,
Should play with the leaves, and when all were lost,
New fashion in wings for the devil, at least,
Should spring up and crown the autumnal grand feast.

And he watched the oaks, all the long season through,
Till bare grew the trees, e'en the oak bid adieu
To most of its leaves, but held many so strong,
That winter came on, though the season was long.

But still they held on, and the spring came apace
New leaves showed their points, pushing old ones from place,
The devil then saw he was on the wrong track—
Grew angry, and tore the oak leaves up the back.

From that day to this, though you strongly desire,
The oak never parts with its garments entire.
And the scrambled edges of leaves, go to show
The truth of this legend, dug out of the snow.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

(From Jane Taylor's Prose.)

I've been a swingin' through the air,
  Ever since I can remember.
I never seem to get nowhere
  From October to September.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, all the long day,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, no time for play.

Can't even look outside the door,
  Shut up in a dark closet tight.
Dial holds its hands up before
  Its face, and rests them day and night.
But it's tick, tock, wig, wag, here in the dark,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, never a "lark."

One little window in my ark,
  Can't even stop to look out.
Just forward and back, and no spark
  Of pleasure ever comes about.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, twenty-four hours,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, sunshine or showers.

Eighty-six thousand four hundred times,
  Ev'ry day, neither less nor more,
I'd just like to rush the chimes,
  Then rest for I'm gettin' sore.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, which and tother,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, till I'd ruther

Have a *strike*, but that's silly, when
  There's a bell for that and a weight
That pulls a clapper, now and then
  Ordering a strike to come straight.
But it's tick, tock, wig, wag, can't get nowhere,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, very unfair.

Let's reckon up what may crop out,
  Ticks come but one at a time.
The lazy weight pulls the clapper stout,
  And a strike comes on, rain or shine.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, tongues never rest,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, the striker's pest.

Just one long tongue and empty head,
  Make all the noise of a dozen.
Good men and true, who are thus misled,
  Are an easy mark to cozen.
But it's tick, tock, wig, wag, doing good work,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, no time to shirk.

Strike had failed, they went back to work.
  Weights pulled down as before.
Wheels went round, nobody shirked—
  Pendulum swung as of yore.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, goin' all right,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, balance of night.

Farmer looked at his watch, and tho'
  He hadn't heard of the strike,
"Watch gained an hour," quoth he, and so
  All the papers viewed it alike.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, striker got struck,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, usual luck.

Fact is, striking clock, had lost,
  Usual fate of the striker.
Who finds too late he's tempest tos't,
  All through the will of some piker.
For it's tick, tock, wig, wag, can't make up loss,
And it's tick, tock, wig, wag, got a new boss.

VARIETY A NECESSITY OF LIFE.

"Sameness hath put on insanity,"
Hast ever heard some vanity
Of lilting song or foolish thought
Persistently, but quite unsought.

That would not down, then you should know
The feeling ('twas some years ago)
Of that poor lunatic who felt
So reverent, in dust he knelt—

He felt within himself a hummock
Of twelve apostles in his stomach.
We find in nature varied change,
Sometimes it seems too vast in range.

From an Apollo, Belvedere
To lepers aspect filled with fear,
From graceful swan, we all admire
To the hell-divers' noisy fire.

Would you have music, then the scale
Must be extended, to avail.
The words are mine, the thoughts spread out
From high logician came about.

'Tis pity that such men should die—
It makes me sad howe'er I try
To think our loss may be his gain—
But that he died is made too plain.

He does not say so in set terms,
In fact his coming back, affirms
His death, the only certain clue
That he was dead, and buried too,

He waited but a million years,
Then came to view this vale of tears.
And found from bearings recognized
The earth he sought and highly prized.

A perfect home, no vale of tears
Was heard of here, as it appears.
The men Apollos, perfect all
In strength, and all divinely tall.

The women, may the good God bless,
Had scarcely any need of dress.
Or paint, or powder, or curled hair,
Their beauty unsurpassed and rare.

Of course he fell in love with all,
But was surprised—Apollos tall
Cared not or saw not their good form,
But pass'd them up almost with scorn.

Here was perfection everywhere,
What we have prayed for in despair,
They, too, had worked for this grand end,
And winning, failed to comprehend.

Is heaven then a boon to man?
He asked,—then hell is still the plan
To give some contrast, sharp and rife
To those who pass from death to life.

But soon his mind accustomed grew
To sameness, though perfection's hue
Might color all the eye beheld—
Its sameness somehow soon impelled

A growing discontent with life.
Might he return? A world of strife
Mix'd good and bad, and motley sights,
Were worthier of manhood rights.

His mind was cleared, it brought him back—
Was glad enough to find the track
That leads away from sameness, to
A better, truer world in view.

KNOWLEDGE IS WHAT?

In early times, the answer was, "knowledge is power."
The patient ox, the horse or mule, from hour to hour—
The southern slave, the elephant, controlled by man,
Were held in ignorance of strength, and under ban.
  Imagine how 'twould sound today
  If only *steam* once felt her sway!

How she might lift her boilers—aye—no havoc shirk.
Destroying buildings, crushing lives that near her work,
If she but knew!—but man takes care to house her so
She cannot if she would (and knew her strength) "let go,"
  There's electricity that subtle juice
  Controlled by man and for his use.

Yes knowledge may be power, a necessity at large,
For man and beast,—the patient ox or horse in charge,
Must each in due proportion have this potent power.
Not ignorance, the aid to man, the guiding tower.
  Half true was that old reasoning,
  Much overdone in seasoning.

Knowledge is easily defined in terms of sense—
"*Discrimination's law of subtle difference*"
And differences? Aye, there's something hidden here
That shall contrast with sameness, sharp and clear.
  Let's view this sameness in some verse—
  In words condensed the tale rehearse.

Go to your cellar, dark as night, in fact as dark
As Erebus, nor ray of light reflects one spark—
In search of a black cat, not there (—the story's told—)
Then change the walls to purest white, clear cut and bold.
  The floor and ceiling, all one hue,
  The cat turned white is in there, too;

Eating a rat as white in hue, as cat or wall,
Then flood the place with light, that meets the tint of all.
And tell me if you can, where cat leaves off, and rat
Begins,—where cat and rat and floor and walls are at.
  If all phenomena in life
  Were thus alike, no life were rife.

Not even consciousness could live to tell the tale.
Knowledge or power or life or thought, could not avail
To save one spark, where system, giving birth, were dead.
Then here's to differences, knowledge,—contrast wed!
  To sameness (even in man's mind)
  Confusion worse confounded find.

AMERICA.

America, new gem complete, of all the lands of earth,
United in one holy band of freedom from its birth.

Through conflicts dire, abroad, at home, a purifying fire—
Shines forth one massive gem of light, all nations to inspire.

All nations and all peoples too, have seen this new light shine,
And each its gem contributed, to make its life divine.

Its central gem one diamond great, no Koh-i-noor of fame
May equal or approach its class, or emulate its flame.

With tourmalines from ev'ry clime, and shade of beauty known—
With rubellites and columbites, and scolicite thick sown.

Apophylites, aragonites, epidotes (Tyrolese)
The emerald, a loving isle,—stibnites in forms to please—

A setting form, no pen may find expression adequate —
When grouped about one massive stone—its beauty to relate.

All join the throng, Americans, no question of their state,
One land; one country, all combined, America create.

No longer gem of ocean then, she is the gem of land,
Atlantic and Pacific, pale before her mighty stand.

Where e'er she rears her flag aloft, and casts it to the breeze,
There liberty, equality, is felt by all who sees

"Old Glory" floating in the air;—as if by magic art—
One hope springs up to fill the cup, so dear to ev'ry heart.

Then to America the free, united voice we raise
All hail to thee, a tiger too, we give in hearty praise.

CHAINS AND LINKS.

(After Darwin.)

Seems queer, the way Charles Darwin us'ter do his work—
Thought strong on his side, but he'd never, never shirk
The other, but would say, objection valid seems
Well taken 'gainst my plan which looks like idle dreams.
  But mostly 'tother side gets beat,
  He's judge and jury all complete.

It's funny how one lies and dreams 'bout little things —
Why angels us'ter fly, why little bees have stings—
But dreamin's easy when nothin' comes to hinder
Just then our sportin' cat came rushin' through the winder.
  Though strange my first thought was of rats,
  And next, *how many things is cats.*

Think over all the kinds of cats you know, in white
Or black, mottled or striped or dun or bright
Piebald, maltese, red or brown, or even yellow,
And you may find, in high cat life, its fellow.
  A circus came along one day,
  And I dropp'd in to see the play.

I saw a tiger cat demure, a wild cat too,
Tigers and leopards, some panthers—'twas in the Zoo,—
A noble lion, as I passed near him sissed
Like any other cat upon my growing list.
  I wondered if some little cat
  Humped up his back and grew to that.

Just easy like I mused till something broader came,
I glanced back down the sands of time—the very same
Old lion roared and sissed, a cat then as today—
The tiger was a painter, her stripes were under way.
  The leopard had some spots to spare,
  But could not change a single hair.

I wondered if some little cat
Humped up his back and grew to that.

Why don't the tiger sometimes show the lion brand?
Why keeps the lion dun? Nor will he try to land
The leopard's spots, or tiger's glorious hue.
Where is the missing link? the ones I've found won't do.
  In fact the lynx that I have found,
  Are spelled with a "Y" and "X"—just ground

For question of its rights, besides it was not missing.
Now all these cats well known (outside quite of sissing,)
Decline to change a spot or stripe, or color scheme,
Their color, claws and shape, fit to them like a dream,
  More lion like the lion grew,
  More tigrish, the tiger too.

Was this in Tertiary times or in Post T.
In cenozoic age? It matters not to me.
The hist'ry of the whole cat tribe, when follow'd through
Would differ nought from other ones we have in view.
  Animal man a vertebrate,
  Was only that in his first state.

A thousand branches might arise, when time was young,
And changes rife, when slaughter was the rule among
All animals of ev'ry type—to hold his own
And live, man also fights,—lest he be overthrown—
  Surviving man not yet awake;
  As man, has very man at stake.

He has progressed by higher craft or better brain.
Himself precurser of himself, no weaker strain,
His breth'ren and some branches, still perhaps survive,
They fought their flight or ran and hid and are alive.
  Is this mere guess work, this late day?
  Or was man made full grown, from clay?

It may be guessing, but I'm sure it better squares,
With human reason, (only kind we have) and bears
That near affinity to that mind divine, who spake
And whirling worlds quick followed on, and in their wake,
  Came plant and animal and man—
  Came tiger stripe and lion tan.

Was man of all the animals, the last one made,
And hence most perfect, being just advanced a grade?
Though guessing this may be, (the time was long ago
And no one knows)—'twould then appear some branch we know
  Had been progenitor of man—
  Though I prefer the higher plan.

We all have some pet scheme, we do not like to change,
One plan gives man six thousand years, as outside range.
Forms him of clay, full grown and wanting life and clothes,
(No youthful days for self or race, you may suppose.)
  If this should seem the truthful plan,
  Wonder no more at failing man.

Others post glacial, a sliding scale of years,
And some preglacial times embrace, when man appears,—
These find for man himself a childhood as to race
And all the potent help that boyhood brings apace.
  Myself? I'm anxious for the truth,
  Nor see mankind devoid of youth.

THE COUNCIL OF NICE—SEMI-HISTORICAL.

How big was Alexander, Pa?—the Bishop of that name—
Was he so great that he could fire a Presbyter of fame
And not get into trouble and in water something hot?
O, no, my child, he met his fate, his fame was dearly bought.

Please tell us all about it, Pa, and why they made a noise.
Indeed, my boy, your question seems too large for little boys,
At least the answer seems too great, myself, I hardly know—
But there were Bishops in those days, a somewhat holy show.

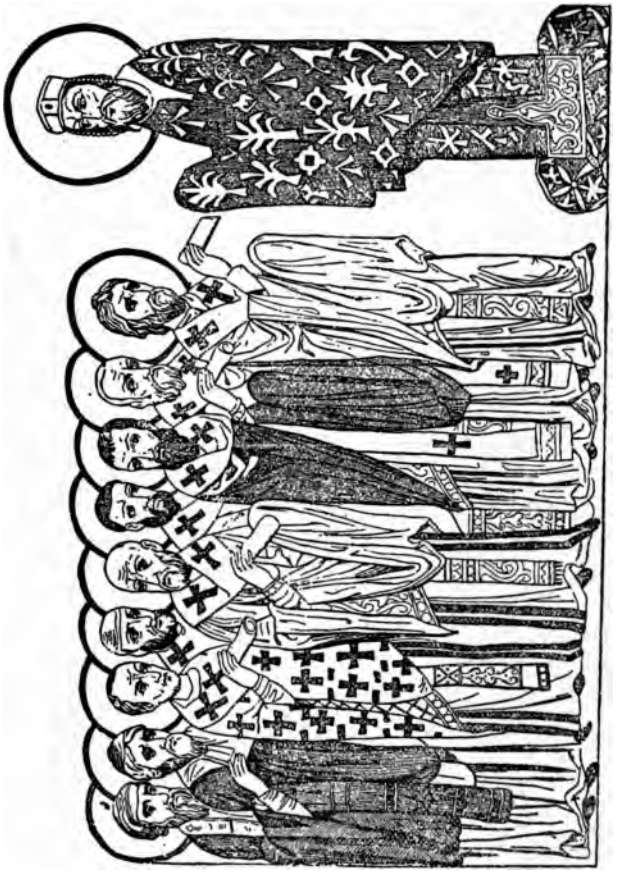
A hundred Bishops first were called to put this man to rout,
They did the work so thoroughly, it seemed a time to shout.
But why such fuss and noise were made, about a man so small
Compared to Bishops,—it seems strange, they noticed him at all.

In fact it was the doctrine taught that started all the row,
And those high in authority, had notions then as now,
That thought, belief and bias too, were matters of design,
Like clothes that they put on or off, as fashion may define.

One Arius a Presbyter in Alexandria town,
Had notions of the Trinity, the Bishop turned him down.
And ordered him to change his views or suffer, without doubt,
But found his orders disobeyed, so promptly turned him out.

And now the din became so great the Emperor awoke—
One Constantine, who thought to stop this quarrel, and thus spoke
To Arius ex-Presbyter and to this Bishop A.
The church is being scandalized, why not this strife allay?

The quarrel was too desperate to quell by this advice,
So caller together Bishops for the council held at Nice.
Three hundred eighteen Bishops sat, a magic number they—
Three hundred eighteen serving men, through Abraham one day



Members of the Nicene Council presenting accusations to the Emperor Constantine against one another.

Fulfilled a covenant 'tis said,—now note, saith Barnabas—
Mark first eighteen, then hundreds three, and note what comes to pass.
The num'ral letters ten and eight "I. H." for Jesus stand,
Then add three hundred for the T. to form a cross at hand.

And then again Eliezer hath strange letters to his name,
(A steward he to Abraham) each letter is aflame,
As thus, One, Thirty, Ten, Seventy, Seven, Two hundred—
Added make the number shown too perfect to be sundered.

So all that Abraham need do to fight his battles sore,
Was to arm Eliezer *capapie* and send him on before,
To fight his way alone in lieu, of servants left at home.
Who sometimes suffered with "cold feet," and did not like to roam.

This ingenuity of words continues to this day,
So be advised on matters strange, have little then to say.
Lest some event be traced to you, three thousand years before
The thing was ever thought about, be cautious I implore.

But to return to Bishops now, their numbers less or more,
Have little force in figures when they're counted by the score
And hundreds,—but the noise they made, the Bishops say at Nice,
Was what the Emperor observed, and gave them some advice.

That they get down to business—of their libels he burned all—
They set to work like heroes then, their notions to install,
Though Arius had been kicked out, he had so strong a pull,
That though Sabelius had views in opposition full

To Arius who must have been in near vicinity,
They had to compromise upon their Lord's divinity.
I'm sorry I must write this fact, but truth will stand for aye—
It took five hundred years to get our Trinity, today.

This settled, as their wisdom was, another one arose,
The genuineness of some books, and here you may suppose
The question was a poser for their wisdom, although great.
Not so, they hit upon a plan, as I shall now relate.

To make the books themselves decide the question of their fate.
So simple was the plan proposed, it quite cut off debate.
The books were dump'd upon the floor, the good and bad,
The genuine and fable, and then resort was had

To prayer, *by which* the genuine, would get upon the table.
The false and fabulous to stay upon the floor as fable,
How long they prayed or when adjourned the records fail to say,
But morning saw two piles of books, the table ones that play

Strong part in saving men today, were worthy of all praise—
Those on the floor of course condemn'd to make a roaring blaze.
How Barnabas crept from the floor, and got upon the table,
And later got kicked out to share the fate that follows fable,

Is no part of my business now—'though *he* might be inspir'd,
His writings failed to meet the test, and soon the scribes grew tired
Of wasting time and vellum good, upon "three hundred" rot,
And dropp'd him out upon the floor, and burned him on the spot.

All this is why no doubt, today, no independent thought
Is dream'd of on great questions, that appear upon the spot—
This miracle of saving books by superstitious plan,
Leads men to look up *texts* instead of questions they should scan.

L'ENVOI.

I see the Sunday papers now, dispute this tale about
The prayer gauge for dividing books, and hold the doctrine stout,
That nothing of the kind took place, because, the man who wrote,
Forgot to date and sign the page, relied upon to quote

The doings of the Bishops, grand, they surely didn't do it—
For Pappius, who found the text and thought best to construe it,
Lived back in sixteen hundred and too late to know the fact,
Some *later* now denial comes, relating to the act.

I'm sure it's due to state the case, denying now a fable,
Of books that had the power conferred to get upon a table,
Whoever once belived the tale, may now dismiss the thought,
For some Bishops in authority, selected what they sought.

A record does not make a fact, and may be true or not,
I faithfully transcribe the text as one in writing ought—
Opinions do not count for much, where records are in doubt,
But truth is truth and must prevail in weeding error out.

ODE TO POVERTY.

O, Poverty! dire is thy grip,
I wonder that sages have found
A beauty they could not let slip,
When they found it lying around.

To be sure great riches may bring
Its troubles and trials, galore—
'Tis the love of money, we sing,
The root of all evil in store.

Then give me just what I can use,
A few hundred thousand or more,
Not enough my love to abuse—
Just to keep the wolf from my door.

Enough for my wants here below,
And to help out my friends, combined,
In charity too I'd bestow
Such help as appealed to my mind.

A cottage for summer, to please,
At the "Flats," with a yacht combined,
Might add to my comfort and ease,
And help bring contentment of mind.

A home of my own, I would own,
With furniture, books and all that,
With friends that around me have grown—
With something like this I'd stand pat.

I ask not for riches too great,
Nor for poverty clutching my throat,
Betwixt and between be my fate,
The wolf from my door-sill remote.

GROWING OLD.

The boy looks forward to his "teens"—
  A friend is twenty one,
Impossible to him, this means
  A man in life begun.

Impossible! but slow the years
  Come creeping, creeping by,
At last this manhood age appears,
  His mind to satisfy.

At thirty he is getting on,
  But feeling much the same,
At thirty-five surprise has gone,
  His years are but a name.

At forty years or forty-five,
  He's growing old now fast,
Nay he *is* old, and must contrive
  To hold a youthful cast.

He passes fifty and goes on
  Towards his sixty years,
The shock of forty-five scarce gone
  And soon the year appears

When he is sixty and looks back
  In wonder o'er his life,
He views a somewhat stormy track,
  Is glad to pass its strife.

From now to three score years and ten
  (The span of life laid out)
To eighty and to ninety when,
  He stops to look about.

He finds for thirty years last pass'd
  He's lived on pride of age,
Declares, that he feels sure to last,
  Lo, many years—a sage.

To point to youthful men a plan
To reach his ninety years,
An age so great that common man
  His rounded age reveres.

Yes ninety is a good old age
  But now unless he blundered,
In *five* years more this rushing sage,
Is sure to reach a hundred.

A FOREST MYTH.

"Once on a time"—who can resist
  An opening like this?
Not I, its beauty may consist
  Of childhood's mental bliss.

I care not if 'tis childish form
  Or childishness in me.
I love the simple, mild brainstorm,
  That shows in childish glee.

The tree, the forest and the stream,
  Are full of myths of yore,
While many countries claim this dream,
  A Grecian form it bore.

Once on a time in times of old,
  Four travelers a night
Spent in a forest, as we're told
  It was an ancient right.

Between these trav'lers 'twas agreed
  To watch and sleep in turn.
The first a carpenter, indeed,
  A sculptor as we learn.

With axe he shaped a log near by,
  To maiden form divine,
Awoke a comrade with a sigh,
  Laid down and made no sign.

The comrade saw the form and face
  Divinely fair and good.
He was a tailor, and his grace
  Took on a tailor's mood.

With cloth and thread and needles too,
  He fashioned her a suit.
And clothed her, the right thing to do,
  When ladies are *d'nuit.*

He braced her up against a tree,
  The jeweler he called,
Laid down to sleep if that might be,
  When watch were well installed.

Such beauty just in embryo,
  He never saw the beat,
So decked her out to make a show
  In precious stones complete.

Then called the fourth, a holy man
  Again laid down to sleep—
Imagine his surprise who can
  At beauty rare and deep.

What might he do to add to one
  So perfect in his sight?
He'd pray for flesh and blood to come
  With life and all things right.

Twas morning now and all arose—
  The vision standing there
Before them in such grand repose—
  In which they each had share.

They sought a name, for 'twould not do
  A nameless maid to share
Their travels, and protection too.
  (Thus careful trav'lers are.)

They named her promptly "Chi-ca-go."
  The image was complete,
I know not how they found it so
  Unless 'twas by her feet.

All wanted then to marry her,
  Which plainly goes to show,
No prejudice 'gainst westerner,
  Existed years ago.

They quarreled too and fiercely were
  Words bandied to and fro.
Till arbitration came to stir
  Their eastern notions, slow.

The principals, the judge and all
  The jury up to date—
Retired to meditate, and call
  Some talesmen, coming late.

While gone, the tree, supporting her,
  Was opened to her sight,
She entered and each traveler
  Was loser in the fight.

If readers of this truthful tale,
  Shall nothing here discern,
"All things created shall entail
  This penalty in turn."

"Dust unto dust" and "tree to tree,"
  In elemental form,
The universal penalty,
  That ends a life of storm.

THE OLD BOOK-KEEPER.

The old book-keeper walked his floor,
Bent was his form and bald his head,
Backward and forward o'er and o'er,
As ever and anon he said,
"Once one is two, once one is two."
His books, spite all that he might do

Were out of balance, and by *one*,
He could not run the error down,
He felt that something must be done,
And scanned his figures with a frown.
"Once one is two, once one is two,"
No change he saw from any view.

"Once one is one," was pointed out,
He stopped, considered for a while—
Why yes, once one *is* one, no doubt—
My balance now can go on file.
And then, resumed without ado,
"Once one is two, once one is two."

He walked till midnight's sombre hour,
Had tolled its bell for ghostly time,
He passed away, ere belfry tower
Had ceased to ring its midnight chime,
He died, but held this thought as true,
"Once one is two, once one is two."

Here was a slave, and greed and gain,
Had held him helpless in their maw,
Till brain o'er worked had grown inane,
And made the wreck his neighbors saw.
And still today as then its true,
Too many think "once one is two."

HAFED'S DREAM.

(Dedicated to Liac.)

One Hafed sat in his garden, lonely was he that day—
(Wife and children in one broad grave, covered with clods of clay)
He bitterly thought that God had brought misfortunes into play.

So bitter grew his thoughts a world of pure chance seem'd better,
Thenceforth through life this thought should be his only guiding fetter,
And only to the God of chance, would he bow down as debtor.

Perhaps he had not heard of Job, his patience under stress,
Knew not his friends, false comforters, that urged him to confess,
"Curse God and die" because he sends misfortune to impress

Upon vain man, whose sins in life, bring punishment quite just.
Now Job believed this doctrine, and he bowed his head in dust.
But knew that he was free from sin, and would his maker trust.

Hafed was but a type of man, well known in days of yore,
Who thought himself a central sun all others should adore,
All laws that did not meet his mind, he freely could ignore.

A law of chance was good enough (if law that might be called—)
Cared not for logic, if he found his notions were installed,
Events must shape themselves aright, to meet a mind enthralled.

The earth and worlds then came by chance, they happened, that was all,
And men though much alike were made with ever changes small,
Because no doubt 'twas handier, than newly to install

Some diff'rent form, and so with beasts, why he declares,
That man and beast are much alike, and that each therefore shares
The "luck" of being made just right, and generally in pairs.

One day this Hafed fell asleep, 'twas muggy, hot and still,
He dreamed a dream of chance, so trite, he nearly had a chill—
And learned a lesson, then and there, that fairly filled the bill.

He woke! but knew not where he was or why the people stared—
They told him 'twas a world of chance and ev'ry thing they shared
In common, changed about, until, the people ill prepared

Were like to starve to death, for if they planted food stuff, they
Might raise some other crop;—indeed it was a wasteful way.
But laws of like producing like, in this world had no sway.

Cucumbers grew on apple trees, grass might be red or blue,
Pear trees grew gourds, and plum trees bore cranberries for a stew,
And every year that came around, these trees bore something new.

Some men had legs alike, but some were shy on knee-caps, and
Had ankles turned around, so if they heard a playing band,
They could not tell which way they'd start, to reach the music stand.

When suddenly the sun went down, but soon came back, red hot,
The poor wool ox had sunstroke, and the one eyed man forgot
To shade his eye and save his sight, (what an uncanny lot.)

Now Hafed saw the folly of a world without some laws,
And thought to offer up a prayer, as his old habit was,
But rememb'rd to his sorrow, there was neither God nor cause.

He now awoke from out his dream, was glad to find it day,
He had seen in operation, that belief had little sway,
That God and law were constant, and that chance was far away.

Too much we all are Hafed's here, and think belief is fact,
Too much we set our neighbors down, and read the riot act.
Because their line of thought and ours, lead to some diffr'nt pact.

Belief is on the human side, while fact belongs to God,
Belief is but conclusion found, from reasons nice or broad,
Its hardly faith, faith follows on the track belief has trod.

A world of chance and without law! then man were lost indeed,
Just tossing on a sea of strife, with nowhere to proceed.
Belief and faith impossible, as we may well concede.

CHURCHES AND CREEDS.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
  Churches galore I see,
All dedicated to one God,
  A glorious family.

I know that every church and spire,
  But represents some good.
I know, and knowing, must admire
  This loving brotherhood.

I read their creeds of diverse thought,
  All copied from one book,
Can all be right? I'm sure I ought
  Between the lines to look.

This practice, if no other good
  Gives mortal man a choice
Twixt creeds he never understood—
  In making had no voice,

And running wild his compass lost
  And out of sight of land,
With broken oar and tempest toss'd
  And liable to strand.

Then give us churches, multiplied.
  And creeds for shades of thought—
Perhaps mankind in all their pride
  May see salvation wrought.

A wider lesson too is this
  Where many throng the way,
All roads in use are roads to bliss,
  And should not lead astray.

Salvation after death alone,
  The central thought of all,
May for its long lost past atone,
  And lift an awful pall,

By finding that salvation now,
  For mortals in despair,
The highest gift that may endow—
  The noblest form of care.

In ordering aright this life
  On lines more true and fair—
This gives us here but needed strife,
  For future bliss no care.

The future all unknown to man,
  And like our future here,
But follows on:—should some new plan
  For mortal man appear

Than was found here, and pronounced good.
  I'm sure that we may trust
Jehovah, who has understood,
  And always has been just.

JONATHAN EDWARDS HELL.

Edwards Works V. 8 p. 166.

"The world will probably become a lake of liquid fire."
Thrice happy thought! we pause right here, for we may well admire
His "*probably*," this lets us down from heights of *certain ire*,
And leaves a chance that mortal man, may still to peace aspire.

But better still his op'ning line, deals only with this earth—
We know, or think we know, this world, that gave poor mortals birth,
Shall be destroyed and pass away, and in its place a dearth,
Of blackened cinders or of ice, to mark its former worth.

Then too we may consider that some twenty million years
May still elapse ere earth and man, shall shed their parting tears,
So taken altogether we may much allay our fears,
And thank this good old gentleman that respite long appears—

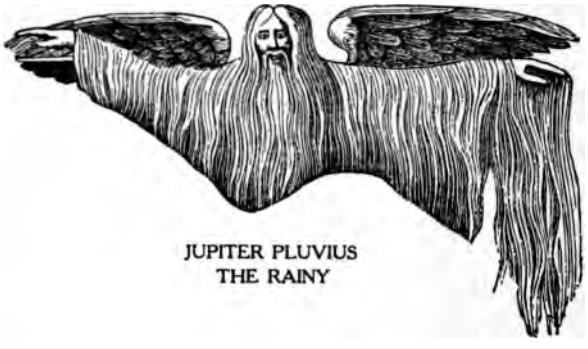
"A lake, in which the wicked shall be plunged, toss'd to and fro"
"Finding no rest through day or night, but in the billows glow."
"Their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their feet, and giblets as
they grow."
In fires so fierce, the very rocks, shall melt and liquid flow."

And all this time poor wicked man shall really, not enjoy
The best of health or happiness, in fact we should employ
Such words as torments and the like, that otherwise annoy—
Not for one day, one age or two, should elements destroy

His peace of mind, but age on age, ten thousand million more
(I wonder that man does not starve, through all this horrid store
Of dire disaster,) quite too late Jehovah to implore,
His fate is fix'd this good man thinks—then falls down to adore

A Deity or being that his highest ideals find,
Saves him by grace (an act that shows God is not all unkind,)
While righteously he cooly plans new torments undefined,—
O, what a smile could Edwards give, to stir this mass combined.

And still they have not changed the creeds, 'tis in the church as well,
But from the pulpits now you'll hear, but little that may tell
How generations (rotted now), ne'er missed a brimstone smell.
O, glorious day of victory! O, common sense! O, H—'ll.



JUPITER PLUVIUS
THE RAINY

SPRING.

MARCH

Thpring, Thpring, O, beautiful Thpring!
Tith March now, and tith time
To come. Let Anthemth ring—
What! March too full of grime?

APRIL

Then wait for April, thurely,
The thpring muth thow up fine,
Not tho the crieth demurely—
Too early for the thign.

MAY

No line we'd draw, for "May Day,"
Muth tell uth it ith thpring,
Not tho thith year, for thome men thay
A flurry of thno'th the thing.

JUNE

But now tith June a thummer month
If thpring cometh to uth now
We call it thummer and at onth
Make thpring a parting bow.

JULY

L. Envoi.

An Almanac maker, one day,
His assistant sharply called,
We forgot, all winter to say
It would snow—we've rain installed.

Our customers unless queer,
Will be queered,—what can we say?
A flurry of snow about here?
Good joke, send the book away.

Just happened that Jupiter
Pluvius reigned, and rained
All winter and spring and June, sir,
But snow in July obtained.

So his almanac outsold
All others, from that day,
'Cause all the others foretold,
Snow in winter to stay.

About winter, it's hard to tell,
And spring is worse to call,
The summer may give us h—l,
The rest being saved for fall.

This "pome" is written to show,
How bad a spring must be,
When a rhyme for *month* may grow,
In worse spring poetry.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Russian Aggression.

And is it dead and buried? Give it rest!
What potent factor serves to ease the zest
The world seem'd bound to show?—This question
Misnamed Eastern, was "Russian aggression."
What was it in the public mind that called
For serious thought? —that nations were appalled?
Strong Russian power? That bubble's burst at last.
The Eastern question, Russian, strong in cast,
Was continental also, yet some Isles
We know of changed deep frowns for smiles.
But rest assured it is not dead or buried—
Time is long, and although men are hurried,
Nations scarce know the lapse of years, unless
Some great event breaks in to mar success,
Or give it double portion of good things.
(The ills are noted down, the good take wings)
We need not utter warning here at home,
The question is not ours, unless we roam
Too much in eastern lands, and waters west
From here, the principal at stake, at best
Is something world wide, nations should note down,
And find in each advance, just cause for frown.
We're sorry for her local troubles, sore,
But must distrust her policy of yore.
Her banner "*The Slavonic Cause*," must mean
That *race* alone for *nation* in her scene,
Stands changed, and this in turn, viewed front and back
Means, with success, *all Europe made Cossack*,
Means more than this, but not to here pursue
The point to dullness, let us bid adieu—

And note some dangers from her plans of old
(The cloven foot encased may still grow bold.)
Does she want Turkey, as in fifty-four?
She'd give some nation half, or more
That later she might snatch the whole, the means
We hear she took some years ago, ere scenes
Got so mixed up, just at Sebastopol,
When any nation was a welcome tool.
We mention this as her insid'ous way
To gain support, new fields to reach and sway.
Will she stand still and die the early death
Of nations choked for want of room or breath?
She's lots of room for year on year to come—
But China offered such soft snaps, near home—
She grabbed Manchuria—went further south
And burned her fingers in Port Arthur's mouth.
The Eastern question, Russian, always so
Will watching bear, as well as years ago.

SAVED HIS SUPERSTITION.

A certain Brahman (may his ilk increase,)
Holding high notions of animals' rights,
Walked with downcast eyes, and saved in peace
The humblest worm, our disgust excites.
  He never trod upon the ant—
  Loved on the subject to descant.

A scientist heard and feeling, no doubt,
Somethings on that point might fall short of fact,
Gave the Brahman a microscope, stout,
Or strong (the same thing)—with delicate tact
  Bid him look at some figs he munched,
  And note on what meats he lunched.

Sad was the Brahman, o'er what he saw there
And in waterdrops, all his life knowing,
In spite of his creed, 'twas always his share
To sacrifice life—ne'er bestowing.
  But a flash of joy o'er his face,
  Showed a way to save his disgrace.

As he smashed the glass on the rocks at hand,
He turned to his friend, scientific—
The things I can't help, or know or command,
May still seem to me beatific.
  I thank you not for the showing,
  And still rest in peace, *not knowing.*

The cult is not strange, for many to-day,
Choose ignorance rather than trust in truth.
Averse to drop off some pet scheme, that they
Have hugged to their hearts from their youth.
  Are they satisfied?—it may be,
  Then the truth might put them to sea.

The lesson seems wider than has been shown.
The thought uppermost in the mind should be,
Never pull down, lest some truth unknown,
Be lost, and destroy that fine symmetry,
  That belongs to the old as the new,
  And depends on the point of view.

Many good friends would be parted for life,
If some mutual friend with a glass,
Should magnify faults, thus augmenting strife,
Earning very small thanks, but alas,
  The indiscreet friend little cares,
  He pulls down, but never repairs.

THE CREED OF GENESIS.

See Detroit News Tribune, May 5, '07.

Genesis, what ails you? Wake up:—
Mere mud-sill grown—a bitter cup,
Whose merits warrant higher use,
While you lie sleeping—grown obtuse—
All sorts of things to you are laid,
And vagaries of ev'ry shade.

I'm sure your language is as plain,
As any substitute, nor lacks one grain
In saying what you wish—and still
To know what Genesis may will
In shape of doctrine, 'tis the plan
To skip some thousands years till man

May find new meaning for plain words,
Or new necessities, inferred,
That must be met, still holding you,
They boldly substitute their view.
Where you command to till the ground,
And people earth—instead is found

Your first man, Adam, dies outright,
And Eve goes too as well she might,
While records and traditions show
That both are much alive and know
Their duty and pursue it too.
Then wake up Genesis, please do.

Wake up and let us hear you say,
In language plain, as was the way
In days of old, when Adam's fame,
Was writ by Moses, and his name,
  Was given out as father, great,
  Of all men in whatever state

Of life or death; awake one breath,
And speak again *your* name for death
In Adam's day— if dead men then
Could people earth? and if so when
  The change occurred, that "life from life."
  Became the rule of thought that's rife.

We hear that if one builds on sand,
Or clay when rock is in demand,
May one day have to build anew,
To offset storm, or winds that blew.
  In Genesis such rock is found—
  Foundation sure—not stumbling ground.

They do not build on you, at all,
But all around foundation wall.
Not on the rock, but by it, near,
To give to man surcease of fear.
  Then wake up Genesis, awake!
  Your reputation is at stake.

ANENT THE TRINITY.

Some one's told me of the Trinity, as formed across the sea.
In which I must believe or I'll be damned eternally—
So great this question then becomes, for either you or me,
I thought I'd better study it that I might clearly see

What our salvation hangs upon, and if belief will do it—
I found some notions ready made, that seem'd well fitted to it.
Thus, if we cannot quite believe, what we can't understand,
If we believe we *should* believe, at once we're on firm land.

What seems to me so very strange, this doctrine should arise,
Three hundred years or more from Christ—a genuine surprise.
And what might happen to the dead who died before the day,
That Arius, Sabelius or Bishops made display

Of learning quite beyond their age and all the ages since.
Are all these lost, these dead, for want of thought, that should convince,
That God had now grown weary, and no longer could attend
The wants of man from day to day, alone, and to the end?

I've searched the Scriptures through and through, to find a triune God
But had to go to India or Nice (this seems quite odd)
To find a warrant for the plan, new laid for mortal man,
That should he wish to worship, the one God, as best he can,

He must be careful to look out, to see the coast is clear
Of other Gods unknown to him, who might be hovering near.
One God alone is all I find, for my belief below.
If there are three or more of him, to which one shall I go?

If only one, I ask, is God divided into parts,
To form a Trinity, the which, the humble student starts,
To find one part is holy and another was brought low—
No disrespect is meant by this, I only wish to show

The inconsistency of man, who thinks of God in parts.
Can spirit be divided so that man, with sundry arts
A holy Ghost pick out, then find a late born son
Was present with his father, ere the universe begun?

So for myself I'll hold my faith, whatever may betide—
That God is One, all powerful—no other one beside.
I'll trust in Him to see me through, though my belief prove wrong—
If there are three, there must be one, thus am I triple strong.

FAITH.

A subject something dry? well that depends upon the point
Of view, in part, and how it's handled too,—its human wealth
Of grandeur, its foundations deep, and fitting joint to joint.—
Mankind without it, comes to naught, in sickness or in health.
  No business even could get on,
  Unless some faith somewhere were shown.

Let mathematics try her hand, or show it in surprise,
That figures, numbers and the like, the help of faith should need.
"Let it be granted" is the cry, nor must we e'er despise.
This call for help, for without faith, no problem may succeed.
  No other base for postulates,
  Than faith in truth of what it states.

And truth is what? I asked a sage, truth he lowly muttered,
"Is just what we believe," our faith, which may be right or wrong.
This answer new and strange to me as e'er words were uttered
Compelled new train of thought. Can truth a verity thus long
  Be found untrue? Truth, like some arts,
  Is relative to other parts.

Some things are probable, some other things seem fully true,
We come to think the better way, may also be, in fact,
The only choice twixt right and wrong, and from our point of view,
We choose the strong, reject the weak, and close the passing act.
  It's truth to us while faith holds out,
  The one great source of truth, no doubt.

I struggled through these lines till here I thought of faith in God
And, thinking, I grew weary, though such weariness implied,
Most readers if to "most" they reach, unless their minds are broad
Would also weary, so I stopp'd, grew worse, *and then I died.*
  Was hurried on that I might reach,
  With trillions more, the place of speech.

A friendly voice attracted me, come forth from this great crowd,
A shorter road through paradise, will lead you to the place
Where crowns are given out to those, whose lives by faith endowed,
Was spent on earth, *now pass'd away*, faith saves as well as grace.
  I got my crown, a splendid fit,
  And pondered long my right to it.

And why so quick I rose from death, with other favors shown.
"Time runneth not in graves or death" from which you pass to life.
Your faith gave precedence o'er those, who, wearying the throne,
Showed how they thought things should be run above their world
    of strife.
  Dear Sir, may then I ask their prize?
  O, all get crowns, those under size

Are only seeming so,—in time like yours, they'll fit the head,
When shrunk to normal size, no one is lost that e'er on earth
Struggled and suffered for their lives,—their faults when life has fled
Are all wiped out, except perverts of various kinds from birth,
  And they in time their crowns may wear
  When grown to manhood, under care.

Then here's to faith, the only sure foundation corner stone,
For this life or the other one, for good and bad alike—
Some heads must shrink and others grow, in order to atone
For want of uniformity, just medium to strike.
  Just then I heard a woman's cry—
  "Dinner—wake up!—hot chicken pie."

CHOW CHOW.

The Butter-cup grows in the mud,
The Leek in swampy places,
The "skeeter" loves his choice of blood,
All sorts of land he graces.

He's musical, just kindly hark,
And hear the jolly sound, sir,
He'll sit upon a tree and bark,
And many weigh a pound, sir.

One day in Jersey, where they're large,
They chased a man to hiding,
So fierce these "varmints" made the charge,
He just got there by sliding.

Beneath a cauldron kettle—he
Awaited further battle,
As fast as bills bored through, you see,
He'd know it by the rattle,

He riveted each "pending" bill,
He thought it a fine notion,
Till lifting kettle o'er a hill,
They plunged it in the ocean.

I know not how the tale got out,
Unless he wrote before hand,
His bones lay scattered all about,
Till buried by the shore sand.

One night a timid boy—late out
Was scared to death—almost—sir,
For there were panthers, all about,
They're worser than a ghost sir,

There came a yell, so fierce and near,
His hat raised with his hair, sir,
Who-W-h-o-o? He new away in fear,
The owl flew, not the boy, sir.

The boy all trembling tried to find
His hat, but was not equal,
He had it strong upon his mind,
He'd lost it in the sequel.

His hat was found upon his head,
The loss, was on his mind, sir,
And since the owl had cut him dead,
He dug for home, I find, sir.

The boy stood on the euchre deck
To hide it from his father,
The old man was not fool'd, a speck,
But warmed his jacket, rather—

That is, he warmed the jacket of
The boy, not of the father,
This saved himself the racket of,
Much needless pain and bother.

Of course the boy knew he was beat,
The way his father played it,
For near a week the softest seat
Was none too soft to aid it.

I mean to aid the boy, just where,
The blue beech cut his breeches,
Below the jacket, 'twas unfair,
The boy paid up in screeches.

When father Adam, names gave out,
His neighbors thought he had 'em,
Did he name snakes? the people shout,
Or did the Adder, add 'em?

This tendency to pun, no doubt,
Drove Adam from the garden,
And finally brought floods about,
For this was past all pardon.

Some polly wogs lived in a pond
Which dried up in the sun, sir,
The boys,—some boys are over fond,
Just thought it would be fun, sir,

To bury them deep in the bog—
But could not find a wog, sir,
They all were sitting on a log,
Each wog had turned a frog, sir.

I wonder whence the bull-frog springs,
If polly wogs are pollies,
Unless there's "bully" wogs, and things,
To keep us on our trolleys.

Some boys bull-heading went one night,
And heard a bull-head flounder,
They pulled him out, he was a sight—
Also a hundred pounder.

A cat that had ten lives, I hear,
Came home from drownings, fine sir,
I cannot vouch—In fact I fear
Ten lives, were only nine, sir.

This time the head was severed, quite,
The pieces north and south, sir,
The cat came back, chuck full of fight,
Its head was in its mouth sir.

Reminds me that "Mark Twain" abroad,
May leave his head behind sir,
He lost it often, which seems odd,
But he is the odd kind, sir.

When Yankee Doodle came to town,
The circus was parading,
He thought the "fuss" was all his own,
The "feathers" merely shading.

He joined the band to whoop-er-up,
But landed off his trolley—
And when his thirty days are up
He'll not be quite so jolly.

When Johnny Sands and Betty Hague,
Their fortunes joined together,
He recognized the London plague,
And what had brought it thither.

The drowning that took place, alas,
Was not quite as she planned it,
He stepped aside to let her pass
She failed to understand it.

A deacon, I once read about,
Who lived to his profession,
Said "damn," a neighbor heard the shout,
"Allow me the expression."

He said, as was his custom, long,
When using unsmooth language,
The neighbor 'lowd it was not wrong,
('Twas just before the slang-age.)

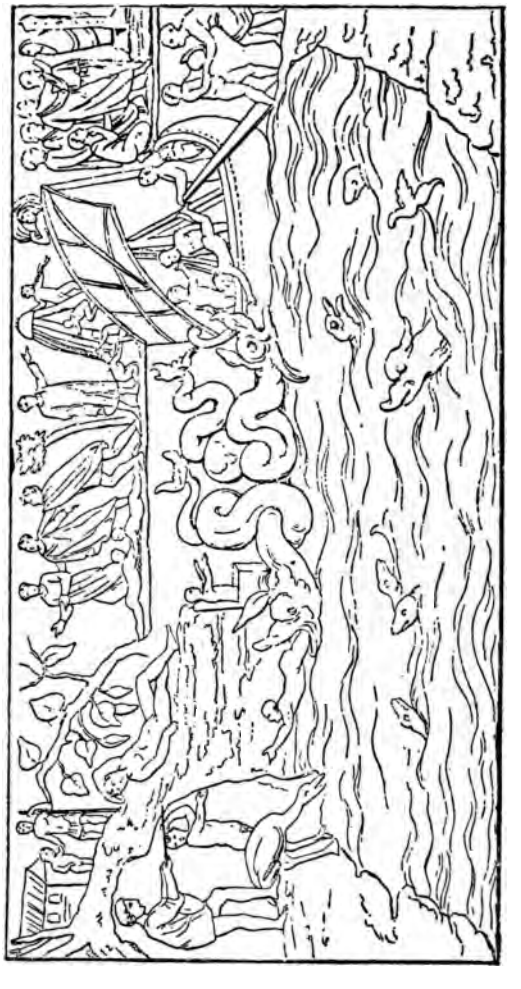
It seems his boys were full of fun,
And taught a goat to chase 'em,
Down to the river's bank they'd run
And side step—'twould disgrace 'em.

If caught upon poor Billy's head,
A bath with him they'd take, sir,
The deacon stopped their fun, stone dead,
But chuckled o'er their fake, sir.

He thought he'd try the fun one day,
Nobody was in sight, sir,
He was less spry than he was gay,
He crawled out quite a fright, sir—

He swore, but saw his neighbor stand
As just above related,
The deacon got a helping hand,
But was not much elated.

A chuckle in the brush, showed that
His boys, too, saw his plight, sir.
But they kept shady—lying flat,
For he was full of fight sir.



JONAH AND THE WHALE.

When Jonah thought to Tarshish go
Upon his noted sail, sir,
He paid his fare, I'd have you know,
Himself, he wrote the tale, sir.

To Nineveh he had been sent,
But thought he would not go, sir,
He had been used to "represent,"
In courts of higher show, sir.

And he was smooth, this diplomat,
And oily was his tongue, sir,
But drew the line at towns like that,
Tho, he was still quite young, sir.

He should have had a first-class sail
And must have been surprised, sir,
When transferred over to a whale,
And over advertised, sir.

It seems these sailors had a mind,
To try oil on the wave, sir,
So took this oily man to find
If thus themselves could save, sir.

No wonder Nineveh gave in,
When Jonah reached that city,
So angry was he, 'twas a sin,
To see his lack of pity.

A first-class fare was sacrificed,
His bath he thought might end him,
His littleness he realized
So took a referendum.

I warn the boys who read these tales,
That some may be untrue, sir,—
The little story never fails
Some int'rest to embue, sir.

And whether boys are young or old,
They know the truth from fiction,
Can pick it out, nor need be told,
They know it by its diction.

Then Yankee Doodle, doodle doo—
And Yankee Doodle dandy,
Just whoop-er-up, for me and you.
Or anybody handy.

DARWINISM DEAD?

Draw close the sable curtain and exclude the light;
That semblance of great loss, at least appear to sight.

Darwinism dead? why has it died?
We search the records that abide.
Through years of fierest contest, view
'Twere always dead, or never true

According as men read the page,
Or viewed the work of humble sage,
Or had capacity to grasp
And hold new truths within its clasp.

But now it's dead, (or served its day),
The crowd that had denied its sway,
Rejoice and cry, "we told you so,"
We knew 'twould die, long, long ago.

Just here we pause, in mute surprise.
That suddenly they realize,
That it had life enough to die.
Though 'twere born dead, in critic's eye.

Glance through the struggling years of man,
To learn the truth of nature's plan,
All wrong! No single truth could stand
Gainst opposition, through some brand

Of *higher truth*, to be destroyed,
Should newer method be employed,
Till years of light, had driven far
The clouds that hid a shining star.

The star, unchanged, was always there,
No fears of final triumph share
Our thoughtful moments, grown more sane,
That light once found must still remain.

'Tis strange that "higher truth" seems frail,
Fears death, should very truth prevail.
Grows bold, when philosophic thought
Recedes or finds new channels wrought.

Just what this "higher truth" may be,
Is somewhat difficult to see.
Sometimes its man, new made from mud,
Full fledged with flesh and bones and blood.

Again it reaches further back,
And finds the earth well on her track
Some days before our shining sun,
His sweeping course of power begun.

'Tis more than strange, what impetus,
This "ism" (newly dead to us)
Gave to all scientific lore—
With stamp of light and truth it bore.

If not allied to truth, in fact,
For only truth as truth may act
In overcoming errors sway,
That ruled ere night gave way to day.

A dual class is always found
Hard fighting for some battle ground
Whose loss to them means change of thought,
Or faith, long through their being wrought.

Nor is it strange that this should be—
The landman does not love the sea,
And much prefers a peaceful snore
To rolling ocean's angry roar.

The honest scientist, whose mind
So long has cherished and combined
With truthfulness, in each detail,
Some undetected false bound trail.

He cannot grasp new truths, that seem,
To hide from him some fruitful dream,
The other class we must indict,
As loving darkness, spurning light.

To these a shadow is a cloud,
They cannot see, while thus endowed,
Or trained in ruts from early youth,
That error must give way to truth.

To-day, as in the past, this class
Exists, and right or wrong, alas,
Are found rejoicing when some change
In philosophic thought, though strange

Uncouth, and to them, still untrue,
Comes to their aid, pulls down anew
Some wall of stone, which they, for gain,
Have sought to undermine in vain.

Thus Darwinism, had died the death,
And not for want of truth, or breath,
But that slight modifying thought
Came in, and with it changes, brought

Not death, as these rejoicing minds
Had hoped, but confirmation finds,
To round out Darwin, and his plan,
New made in aid of thoughtful man.

If nature like some open book
In Greek or Sanscrit, but partook
Of words or letters plainly writ,
Then learned men might study it—

Might fairly reach some common ground,
Beyond dispute, through ways profound,
But natures book, in beauty wrought,
Through *picture writing* must be sought.

Where reading left to right, the page
Our admiration must engage,
But right to left, or down or up,
A bitter draught may fill the cup.

Let patience still have perfect sway,
And truth *may* rise again, some day,
And *may* greet friends who know its face
Who'll rescue it from past disgrace.

To me it always has seemed odd,
That loving trust in nature's God,
Is marred and rendered of small worth,
Through anchoring to drifting earth.

Instead of grasping solid rock
That can withstand old ocean's shock—
Let science win or lose the day,
Mankind will worship God, for aye.

EPHRAIM.

"Ephraim is a cake not turned."—Hosea 7: 8.

Ephraim, Ephraim! beware of the day,
When Hosea shall meet thee, in battle array,
He's after you now, with a weapon you spurned,
You're a cake, father Ephraim, not yet turned.

Ephraim, Ephraim! go get you a cook,
Who knows all the ways right out of a book—
Will watch, with great care, that you may not be burned,
For Ephraim, dear, you'r a cake not yet turned.

You have streaks of gray hair and wrinkles galore
And Hosea can tell you of faults by the score,
But you'd better not meet him, until you have earned
That proud appellation, a cake neatly turned.

Dear Eph. time is fleeting, go get you that cook.
Half baked, can't you see, what a fright you must look?
Ere cremation shall come and your ashes are urned—
Get a move on you quick, you're a cake not yet turned.

But Ephraim answered, amidst all this din,
You cannot in me, find the ghost of a sin,
I've used divinations and incense have burned,
And the Lord is witness that the cake's been turned.

Still Hosea insists that Ephraim is bad—
Overdone on one side, stuck down and is glad
That in Baal he died, nor was it discerned
By even the Lord, that poor Eph, could be turned.

NATURAL LAW, THE LAWS OF GOD.

"Law is a rule of action," found
By mortal man, in search of truth.
"Law has no power," but stands on ground
Secured to it from early youth.
  For human law, this may be true
  For laws of God, it will not do

Let's change one word and try again
Law is a *force* of action, found,
Or not; nor grace nor help of men
Avails to change its points around.
  God's laws immutable in time
  Accessible to manly prime

Of observation, never fails
One jot or tittle of its power,
Coercing all things and avails
To show its force, from hour to hour,
  While science but co-operates,
  In finding out its subtle states.

Science and law, of all things here
Most talked about, least understood,
Breed in the mind confusion sere
And offer little for our good.
  Because mankind persistently
  Loves darkness, where a light should be.

Also because all kinds of law,
Are treated from one common stand,
Nor note is made, where man may draw
A line that carries truthful brand—
  Dividing true, 'twixt God and man,
  Jealous of those who lead the van.

Some unadjusted point, unknown
To science, but shows forth a break
In chain, whose strength were better shown
If links might equal strain partake.
  If all of nature's laws were known,
  Mankind must sit and make its moan.

No further conquests could be made
Hypothesizing, dead to man,
While metaphysics, now grown stale,
Were ended by this "finished" plan.
  E'en gravitation through void space,
  Must yield its secret, with good grace.

Permit a theory right here—
A guess, since guesses are allowed,
The mystery may be made clear,
Through powers of nature first endowed.
  Creation all an instant's act,
  Spread out, but joining all intact.

The subtle ether, slow or fast,
Filled nature's gaps, or great or small,
The forces that forever last
Were harnessed to each atom, all
  Allied and held by one great power,
  Attraction, from initial hour.

Now separated, here a world,
There, universes thickly sown,
Each little atom, as it whirled,—
Had answered to that force unknown,
  Which ne'er let go, while neighbors, nigh,
  And still holds fast through ev'ry sky.

The guess is born, but may not live,
The *fact* remains—a law in force,
Is never changed, is bound to give
To nature's plan, unbroken course.
  The moral law, innate in man,
  But follows, and helps prove the plan.

Though man grown, it has points that reach
And dovetail in with nature's law,
'Tis broken, oft, and so we teach
It is not free from human flaw,
  Is therefore human, not divine
  Of human trait, unfailing sign.

Loud sounds the chorus of dissent—
"Thus saith the Lord," by Moses writ,
Seems, like the veil of temple, rent,
If this be truth, or we admit
  The human side of morals given,
  To help poor mortals on to heaven.

Aye, here's the fault, the bane of life,
That heaven *alone* concerns mankind
(Or hell be 'scaped, a needless strife)
All for the future life divined,
  Not to belittle future bliss,
  Or from mankind take even this.

But that the present life, concerns—
Demands in fact, all we can give.
Enough of incense always burns
For future life, if we but live
  This life as being worth our best,
  The future surely must give rest.

Thus may our minds abide in peace,
Some laws are God's and some are ours.
Our laws may change or may increase,
Grow with our growth, and gain new powers,
  But must find rest in God's own way,
  His constitution, must obey.

DO IT YOURSELF.

Have you something to do, to-day?
  Do it and do it quick,
Depending on others, you may
  Lose good time by the trick.

"Once on a time," long years ago,
  A certain field of wheat
Was rip'ning fast, amidst the glow
  Of summer sun and heat.

The farmer came and viewed the field,
  Remarking to a son—
A splendid crop the field will yield
  When harvesting is done.

Tomorrow at the break of day
  Your uncle will be here
And with his boys (who just for play)
  Will harvest ev'ry spear.

A quail whose home was threat'nd thus
  Sat list'ning to the man,
For forty little ones, and plus
  Might perish by this plan.

But when she heard a delegate
  Was named to cut the grain,
Felt better, for she saw their fate
  Postponed, much to her gain.

We need not move to-day, at least,
  The uncle will not come—
We're safe another day, to feast,
  Where all can feel at home.

Her chicks were growing ev'ry day,
  And soon could fly away
And save themselves, if only they
  Could but prolong their stay.

Of course the uncle did not come
  The boys were busy too,
Their harvest work was nearer home,
  As much as they could do.

And so this farmer lost a day—
  A good thing for the quail,
Who grew much stronger for the stay,
  Ere taking up strange trail.

The neighbors then, the farmer said,
  Must come and cut the wheat
'Twill furnish both our seed and bread
  A crop that's hard to beat.

Of course this was an even bet,
  For neighbors sometimes "swap,"
The quail then boldly called "more wet"
  This was a sort of sop

Thrown to the farmer, to delay
  The cutting of the grain,
For waiting but another day,
  Their flight they might obtain.

When neighbors failed, the farmer had
  But one recourse to name,
Tomorrow unless weather's bad
  Himself and sons, aflame

With new found zeal, in early morn,
  Would lay the grain in rows,
A cue for changing wheat for corn—
  A new place of repose.

No longer was there doubt that they
  Were up against a fact,
And must move out, for no delay
  Was in the latter act.

And so, we must through all our lives,
  If we would gather pelf,
Remember that the "fit" survives,
  "God helps, who helps himself."

SOLOMON'S SONGS.

Written 600 years after his reign—So says Paul Haupt,
Professor of Semetic languages,
Johns Hopkins University.

If true, Paul Haupt deserves our praise
For clearing one man's morals,
The other man (who wrote these lays)
Must fight for doubtful laurels.

We never even heard his name
His lineage, don't ask us,
He lived or wrote (its much the same)
Down near the town, Damascus.

We always viewed this "song of songs"
With wonder that its sire,
Had failed to use a pair of tongs
To toss it in the fire.

'Twas always laid to Solomon
We had no chance to doubt it
This claim was well agreed upon,
That's all was known about it.

Now Solomon, in early life,
Had gained a reputation
For wisdom, through allaying strife—
A worthy preparation

For usefulness in all his ways
Like "Teddy" some years later
Who mixed up Jap and Russian plays—
The world for a spectator.

But now it seemed his later life
  Belied his early station.
We even thought a life of strife
  Through marrying a nation

Instead of one or two, at most,
  Had worked his ruin, clearly.
The man that's married to a host
  Pays for his whistles, dearly.

Six hundred years, adown life's track
  These songs awaited action,
Their author thought by dating back,
  He'd save his bold infraction

Of morals and of decency,
  His own age would not stand for—
We never thought, till recently
  That any author planned for

A *coup* so subtle in its ways,
  Like base ball pitcher's "spit-balls."
Such meaning in its tuneful lays—
  So full of traps and pitfalls.

While lo, these many years this song
  Through lying headlines, pleading,
Have struggled only to prolong
  Its place in decent reading.

And even Haupt, to save his skin,
  Dare not condemn its morals.
But thinks that love of Christ therein
  Foreshadowed in its laurels.

Of which the layman vainly looks,
  For evidence, that's lacking,
And wonders how, in sacred books
  Such silly trash found backing.

If Christ e'er saw this bunch of rot
  And thought to him it pointed,
He must have blushed with shame, and thought
  His mission quite disjointed.

The fact is patent on its face,
  It was not love they looked for,
But one who should amend disgrace,
  Who David's throne was booked for.

This song that soils the sacred page,
  So void of sacred leading,
No Jew, till thirty years of age
  Was e'en allowed a reading.

Why not condemn a thing that's bad?
  Why keep its banner flying?
Why try to bolster up a fad
  That merits only dying?

And yet if Solomon, the King,
  Most glor'us in our Bible,
Came back, he could not change a thing.
  Unless he sued for libel.

A new translation ev'ry day,
  New authors and new ages,
Will never serve to clear the way,
  Or purify foul pages.

FURNISHED LODGINGS.

"He who does not like living in the *furnished lodgings of tradition*, must build his own house, his own system of thought and faith for himself."—*Zschokke, p. 242.*

"It is complained that theologians have been giving us worthless Gods, and science (philosophic) often a worthless absolute."—*Prof. Wm. James.*

A class there is and long has been,
  Whose *choice* is lodgings, furnished,
Who live in comfort as is seen—
  For baser metals, burnished,

May look as fine, and shine as bright
  As gold, but costs less money—
Thus, should their capital be light
  Their home may still be sunny.

The plan is wise in many ways
  Conserving youth and beauty—
A saving in the early days
  For age, a pleasing duty.

The fault, if fault is to be found
  Is outside of the letter—
For choice, alas, for rented ground
  May spoil the taste for better.

They live their lives with easy dreams
  Of home life growing better,
When age crowds on with less'ning means
  They'r soon a hopeless debtor.

Another furnished lodgings class
  Much like the first we mention
That moral—mental—lazy mass
  Of minds of easy tension,

Which leads them to adopt the views
  In use for ages hoary—
This, too, has merits and pursues
  Its easy way to glory.

It keeps the theologic street,
  And mansions built for renting,
More uniform and clean and neat
  And pleasanter than tenting.

Its weakness is its growing choice
  For ready made traditions
To which they never raise a voice
  When fitting new conditions.

Complaint is made, (the papers say)
  That landlords, theologic,
Are making bricks of baser clay,
  And, growing pedagogic,

Are forcing on them higher rent
  And worthless Gods are giving
A growing sound of discontent
  For what they are receiving.

And science, too, with shallow thought,
  Contrary to all ruling,
Is giving us a cheaply bought,
  A worthless, shallow, puling

Absolute, and thus at sea,
  Mankind, with compass failing—
'Twixt "*tweedle dum and tweedle dee*,"
  Has little choice in sailing.

No remedy appears at hand,
  Too long they've leaned on others—
The fault is largely with this band,
  Of easy-going brothers.

Whose choice has grown for rented ground,
  Till taste for something better
Has been destroyed—and now are found
  A feeble helpless debtor

To systems built in other days
  Unfitted now for renting.
Nor can they mend their feeble ways
  Or live in common tenting.

Grown discontented with their home,
  They still must "grin and bear it,"
For even should they dare to roam,
  They find no home—to share it.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

When I was a boy and the country was new,
Unbroken the forest that we must subdue,
Before we might wrest from the unbroken earth,
The bread we should eat,—man's commandment from birth—

All the day long and the whole winter through,
The sound of the axe ringing out clear and true
Was heard all about, while the falling of trees
Opened up channels, new, to the blust'ring breeze.

We chopped and slashed timber, early and late,
We piled up and burned the great wealth of the state
Under penalty dire that failure to "clear,"
Was the greater evil confronting us here.

And indeed, little choice seemed left us by fate,
For what the axe spared—in its more exposed state,
Was swep'd by the wind and the whole forests laid low,
Thus forcing a dearth where good timber should grow.

Thus the forest subdued and wasted away,
Our good mother earth had something to say,
Full of stumps and green roots, till harrow or plow,
Was as much out of place as stump pullers now.

We planted our corn with an axe (and the foot)
One stroke to the eye (unless hitting a root)
A twist to loosten the soil for the seeding
Tread earth o'er the corn and left all till weeding.

Today, ev'rywhere, what a change meets our sight,
Not less must the farmer arise with the light,
Work the live long day, though not as of yore,
But with divers machines, unheard of before.

When night time arrives and "choring" begins—
(Milking and feeding) no change if he wins.
But planting and sowing are all done by drills,
He plows with an engine—has all the new frills.

Cuts corn with a reaper, which binds as it goes,
Husks it out using steam, we well may suppose,
Pulls beans by the acre, as easily now,
As "once on a time" some poor boy pulled a row.

"Slings" a load of hay in two bunches or three,
Hoists it up by horse power as slick as can be,
Whence it rides o'er the mow, drops into the bay,
And this is the way he handles his hay.

Still workmen are scarce as though no machine
Helped forward the work, as is easily seen.
For he comes to his work at seven each day
With his horse and carriage—at six drives away.

Does the market shift, or is some neighbor sick?
The telephone brings him the news, double quick,
While ev'ry new device the farmers employ,
Reminds us of changes, since I was a boy.

Since I was a boy and the axe was a drill,
When the "cradle" for reaping was swung with a will,
When the binder with rake followed just behind,
Making bands of the straw, his bundles to bind;

Raked the butt of each bundle as if it were play,
Kept up with the crad'ler the live long day.
They had luncheon at ten, drank out of a jug
As big as a lad of fifteen could lug.

Now which is the better or which is the worse,
The writer don't say, though the facts he rehearse.
On the whole, the condition he best would enjoy,
Is that of today with the age of the boy.

"LO," THE POOR INDIAN.

A Double Legend.

The Ir-o-quois, in our own lands,
  Where nations Five or Six grew up
To take the place of tribal bands,
  And make sure the peaceful cup,

Or give them added power to fight
  Encroaching foes, whose power was felt
In ever pressing claims of right
  Through which more wrong than right was dealt—

Had notions how he came on earth,
  And got his color scheme just right,
While other peoples at their birth,
  Were found too black or much too white—

Had many Gods, some two or three,
  An evil spirit also found,
And worshipped all in unity,
  As all were feared, for reasons sound.

These spirits Great, a trinity,
  We number as their rank appears
One, two and three, for all must see
  The first outranks the rest in years,

And dominates the other two,
  As well groomed spirits ever can.
Besides some head must come to view,
  And to that time they lacked a man.

So number One to number Two,
  Communicated his desire
That he should make an Indian, true,
  That coming nations might admire.

So taking chalk, he made a paste
  From which he formed or moulded man,
Gave life, and with no little haste
  Showed forth the glories of his plan.

The spirit Great his work reviewed—
  'Twas "good," yet not exactly right,
Long pondered he in thoughtful mood,
  And then he saw *it was too white.*

Then number Three must try his hand
  In making man, but found—alack—
That charcoal, though it showed up grand,
  Had made his image *quite too black.*

What could be done in such a case
  Where chalk and charcoal both had failed?
At last a smile lit up the face
  Of number One, whose plan prevailed.

Clay, or our mother earth, said he,
  Is just the stuff for making man—
We trace his lines in chalk, that's free—
  The fire of charcoal, bringing tan.

And so he took red clay or earth,
  Made man, and placed him on a shelf
To burn, remarking of his birth,
  "To have a thing just right, himself

Must do the work,"—thus Iroquois
  Long, long ago, this proverb had,
Ere Solomon was grown a boy,
  Or proverb making was a fad.

We also, somewhere, hear a tale
  Of chalk that freely leaves a trace
Of charcoal, lighted to prevail,
  While mother earth must win the race.

For from her bosom all things came,
  And to it must again return.
The thought appearing much the same,
  However dressed its precepts stern.

O-NEI-DAS.

The stern O-nei-das knew this tale
  But thought the work of making man
More intricate, and quite less stale,
  So firmly held their ancient plan.

Besides, it was more Indian like
  With happy hunting grounds at birth,
Showed how the turtle made a strike—
  In holding up a quiet earth.

With water ev'rywhere below,
  And darkness on the briny deep,
They could not see the kind of show
  The lower world of life might keep.

While up above, with fish and game
  And garden "truck" a surfeit found,
They were content and who shall blame
  These happy souls, above the ground?

Where sun shone always bright and warm,
  Disease and death to them unknown,
Where neither clouds nor angry storm,
  Nor strife nor jealousies were shown.

At last a youth himself withdrew,
  At times, and wandered much about,
Grew moody and capricious too—
  The evil spirits' work no doubt.

A pow-wow formed, to learn his thought
  And find his trouble if they might.
Gravely they passed the pipe and sought
  To learn his self consuming blight.

At length he yielded to his fate,
  Conditioned that a white pine tree
Be by its roots dug up—his mate
  To place him in his blanket free.

And with his squaw, just by the side
  Where grew the tree, as pine trees grow,
And where they now had opened wide
  A passage to the world below,

His people gathered 'round to hear
  The story he would there bestow,
When suddenly, it would appear,
  He plunged his squaw head first below.

His squaw, a mother soon to be
  Disdained to try to change her fate—
Her fall was long, towards the sea
  And darkness, as the tribes relate.

The moody youth arose upright
  And told the people in a song
How he long had, with reason trite,
  More than suspected something wrong.

But now he had his wrong wiped out,
  He would regain his cheerful mood,
Find a new squaw, who would no doubt
  Prepare and cook his daily food,

And never gad about, as she
  Whose fate they saw, by justice crowned,
And through the open hole might see
  How falling woman might be drowned.

Below, where darkness reigned supreme,
  The little light was like the dawn,
And must ere long betray its beam
  And dissipate a night long drawn.

The shaft of light and falling speck
  Were first discovered by the loon,
Whose hasty summons brought "on deck"
  A motley council, none too soon.

For now 'twas seen that human life
  Was swiftly coming from the sky,
And only earth with solids rife
  Could e'er support the coming tie.

Above the waters of the sea
The earth must rise and hold her sway,
Must be upheld forever free
From dangers lurking by the way.

The sea bear first tried out his strength
But could not bear a test so great,
The beaver and the seal, at length,
Were found too weak and met their fate.

The turtle then, in modest mien,
Came forth to offer as his share
His back and strength of shell—'twas seen
That he alone the earth could bear.

Foundation having thus been found,
How might they get the solid earth?
And from that day to this, abound
The self same thoughts that here had birth.

Where look for earth, and how to get
Enough to start the world, was found
No easy problem, for, as yet,
They did not know that earth was ground.

They thought by diving in the sea,
They must find bottom, soon or late,
So organizing a diving bee,
In which the stronger met their fate.

At last the mink went down alone,
And later, came up cold and dead:
But in his claws, as if 'twere grown
Some tiny specks of earth were spread.

They placed them on the turtle's back,
  They grew apace, and offered rest—
The woman falling by the track
  Seized on this real estate, with a zest.

The growing earth some islands made,
  Dry lands came forth from ev'ry side
And trees grew up, affording shade,
  From heat the open shaft supplied.

A wider choice in building lots,
  Soon drew the woman near the shore,
Where beauty lingered, in the plots
  Of verdure, growing more and more.

Her child, a daughter, here was born,
  And lived till years of woman came.
Her many suitors found but scorn,
  Though changed to men of lithesome frame.

At last the turtle won the bride,
  The mother favoring his suit,
"He would hang on till all had died,
  They might as well give in—the brute."

Soon as the bride laid down to sleep,
  The turtle formed a rustic cross—
With arrows,—one imbedded deep
  With flint, and one with bark or moss.

Two sons were born—the mother died,
  Which made the grand-ma hopping mad,
She plunged the boys beneath the tide
  And reached her wig-wam somewhat sad.

No sooner had she reached her home,
  Than boys, like cats, came back to know
Why they should drown, when they had come
  Of turtle stock, the best below.

So when she found she could not kill
  The boys, as kittens oft are drowned,
She thought she'd save them, though her will
  Maintained an angry spirit, sound.

She cut her daughters form in two
  And hurled the pieces high in air.
One part, the sun was formed in view,
  The moon filled out the shining pair.

Is this the reason why the moon
  Is "Luna" and is often full,
Displays her beauty as a boon
  To hold "the man" by dainty pull?

For always when the moon is bright
  And showing "full," a man appears
And courts her all the blessed night,
  Nor has he failed in all these years.

Thaw-is-ka-lau the elder named,
  Had arrows headed well with flint,
And roamed the forest all untamed,
  For riches from the forest mint.

Tau-long-hy-au-wau-goon the name
  The younger bore, his arrow head
Of moss or bark, was much to blame
  For failing blood of beast to shed.

Expert in aim but weak in stroke,
  One day his arrow went astray
And sank into the sea, where broke
  A tiny wave to mark the way.

He followed, diving through the sea,
  Surprised, he reached a cottage small;
An old man there, with courtesy
  Gave hearty welcome to his call.

My son, he said, I welcome you,
  I long have ruled your very life
To bring about this interview,
  And end your brother's petty strife.

Go gather up the flints of earth,
  Yea, form of flints a mighty trust,
Your brother finding flints a dearth
  To you must come at once—or—"bust."

And when he comes his life must end
  By his own weapons, in your hands.
Malignant, he must make amend,
  For all the evils in the lands.

And so it proved, and grand-ma-ma
  Again was angry at the fate
Of him she'd learned to love, and saw
  Defeat was sitting at her gate.

She ordered floods till mountain tops
  Were out of sight and somewhat wet.
Canoes came floating and with stops
  Saved all from drownings, early set.

She next tried snow, a deluge cold
  Came o'er the land and drifted wide,
But snowshoes made the people bold,
  Who laughed to scorn her silly pride.

And since that day down to this time,
  Though floods may drown, and snow may freeze,
She satisfies a mind for crime
  By plotting mischief at her ease.

Here ends the tale, again we find
  The universal thought set free,
Destruction aimed at all mankind,
  'Tis but the details disagree.

Again we have the flood with boats
  Again the woman falls and fails
To find her level as she floats,
  Or trim her ship to meet the gales.

Again we ask for bread of truth,
  A flood? Aye, floods are surely true,
And universally their ruth
  Is more and more brought into view.

But truth of flood can never show
  That woman falls as shown in tales
World wide,—though legends here below
  May multiply,—this truth prevails:

'Tis but the savage of our race
  That charge our mothers' bent to sin,
Our lives and theirs above disgrace,
  Is known, since memory came in.

The faithful woman, wife or maid,
  Proverbial grown in later days,
Gives lie to old traditions, staid,
  And bids us follow woman's ways.

From thorns and thistles thickly sown
  None e'er raised grapes of any kind.
Till then, the failure must be shown
  Ere verdict, guilty, comes to mind.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Response to the Toast "A Bunch of Keys," at the festival of St. John the Evangelist, Dec. 27, 1897. Union Lodge No. 3.

Mr Toastmaster and Brethern:—

I am billed if you please,
For a short response to a "Bunch of Keys"—
Not all keys go in a bunch, one finds,
And so there are keys of various kinds,—
Keys to unlock our thoughts with ease—
Keys for St. Peter's use—skeleton these—
Keys to lock up as well as to open,—
Keys that are written, printed or spoken,—
But the keys we deem most important of all,
Are keys to our work, and furnished on call,
By an officer grand (our good brother Clark),
Who could scarcely go wrong, though he worked in the dark—
Who was doubtless amazed (working early and late)
At the medley of keys, scattered over the state.
Why throughout the broad state, from the Soo to this city,
Dire discord prevails, and more's the pity,
Because of this truth, quite useless to shirk,
As differ the keys, so differs the work.
But 'twas found after patient investigation,
'Twas merely the fault of the personal equation.
One reads his lines this way, another one that,
Each one makes a copy, and all stand pat.
From this sensible view, he at last took a hint,
We may reach uniformity, only through print.

Brother Crawford, do you believe much in dreams?—
I don't very much, yet it sometimes seems,
That our waking thoughts are made more emphatic,

By visions or dreams, however erratic.
Once watching our work and list'ning profoundly,
I dropped off to sleep, and must have slept soundly,
And just as I reached that hazy division,
'Twixt waking and sleep, came this wonderful vision:
With his grip in his hand, and a staff from Killarney,
Came, leading a host, good old saint *John Barney*.
What! John Barney a saint, and leading a host?
John Barney, who recently gave up the ghost?
Yes, Barney's a saint, and that without doubt—
And thus came his saintship early about—
He had written a book,—some four inches by seven,
Full of wisdom of earth, if not of high heaven,
And when it was seen what a "snap" there was in it,
They made him a saint, in a holy minute,
In a holy minute, they made him a saint,
And a saint he still is, sans powder or paint.

He spoke, and while speaking, something of ire
Flashed forth from his eyes, like sparks from a fire,
I indeed wrote a book for the Master's inspection,
It had merits, no doubt, but was far from perfection,
In fact, I remember some points were in doubt,
And others, less vital, were simply left out—
While the Master's good sense might fill up the gaps,
And clothe it with beauty, as one dons his wraps.
Having finished my work, not thinking to boast,
I laid down my pen and gave up the ghost.—
This labor of love closed my earthly career,
Then from labor on earth to refreshment up here.

Then spoke Father Blanchard, of glorious fame,
Of the work as he found it and left it again—
That along in the sixties, a scheme was projected,
Our glorious "land marks" should be better protected.

While the work as laid down, 'twas declared with precision,
Was so perfect it never would need revision.
So they put it away, and in transports of bliss,
Have made pen and ink copies, from that day to this.
After having thus spoken, all vanished from sight,
I got a snore crosswise, and awoke, in a fright.

Dear Fraters:—The question of wrong or right,
Is the plan I bring to your notice tonight,—
We asked them for meat, they flung us a bone,
We demanded bread, they gave us a stone—
True they printed a key, but some errors remained,
'Twas a long step forward and something was gained.
Now I'm sure I'll find you agreeing with me,
There's but one right way for making a key,—
Get our very best workmen and let them be sworn,
To take up the work in its present form—
Letter by letter, and line by line,
Not missing a letter or changing a sign,—
Let our brightest lights review and correct it,
Our highest tribunal shall push and direct it,
And when it is perfect, in every part,
Again call the printer to use his art,
When this book is issued, and the Master's served,
Let the rights of the craft be strictly observed.
A light in the East and shining for all,
East, West and South, all over the hall,
For light that is good for the Masters to see,
Is good for the craft, and should always shine free.
For kindly attention to this jumbled up mess
You have thanks from

Yours truly,

W. H. S.

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Toast your shins or warm your pottage,
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